Week ending October 27 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

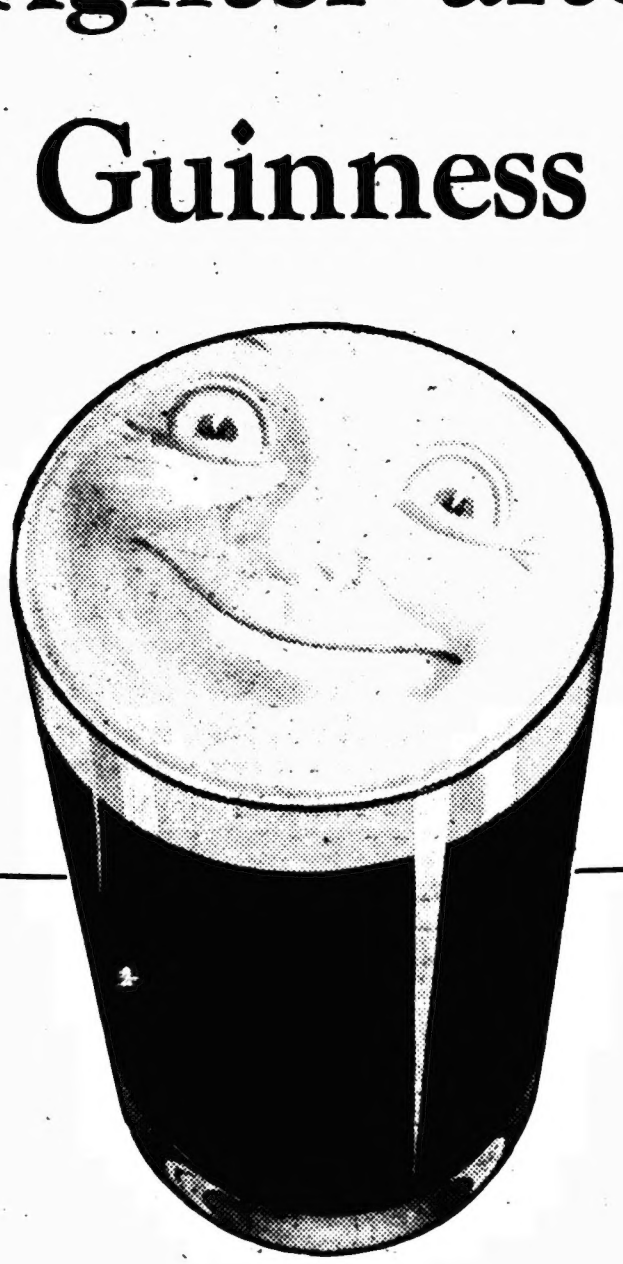
Every Thursday

PUT THE WORKER FIRST

by Gilbert McAllister, M.P.

See centre pages

Life is brighter after Guinness



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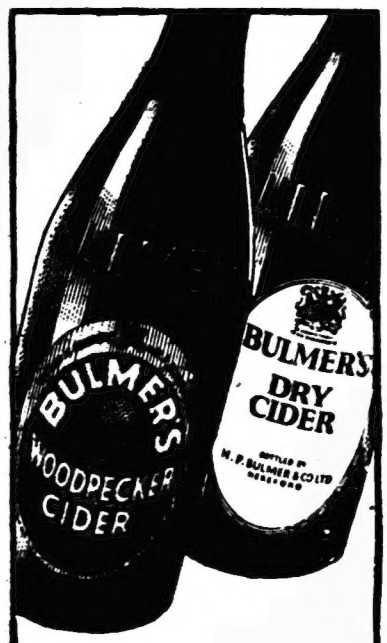
'SPAM' is not sold loose at the grocers. You can buy 'SPAM' only in the 12 oz. rectangular tins with the *name* clearly shown—there are no other sizes. We are sorry that, at present, supplies are restricted.

★ *'SPAM' is a registered Trade Mark, and can be used only in respect of the product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.*



BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

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The ART of LETTER-WRITING is NOT DEAD!

DURING the past few years millions have been made happy by the written word. Thousands in the Forces have found joy and consolation in putting their thoughts on paper. Letter-writing has proved a boon to all.

The Makers of Basildon Bond believe that many of these Forces' letters deserve permanent record. To do this, and to encourage the art of letter-writing, a competition has been organized for the best Forces' letters written during or since the war. To win a prize, the letter need not be a "literary" effort, need not even be grammatical. "Fine" writing alone doesn't count. Warmly human letters—dramatic, romantic, realistic, or humorous—stand the best chance.

BASILDON BOND

BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

£500 in cash prizes for FORCES' LETTERS

You may have had a letter you cherish from a friend or relation in H.M. Forces, or you may still receive one. It may win one of these cash prizes offered by the Makers of Basildon Bond for the best letters written during or since the war by men and women in the Forces.

1st Prize £100 2nd Prize £50 3rd Prize £30
4th Prize £20 100 Prizes £3 each

Prizes will be equally divided between the sender and the original writer. All you do is to send the letter you wish to enter to John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., Dept. X., Apsley Mills, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, with your name and address and those of the writer. Each entry must bear a postmark later than January 31st, 1946, the closing date.

No letter will be published without the consent of both writer and sender. The competition is not open to employees of John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., and their advertising agents.

The judges will include: James Agate, famous critic; Margery Anderson, well-known broadcaster; Commander Campbell, original member of the Brains Trust. Their decision is final.

Send your choice today—it might be a prize-winner!

If I'd had these Hobbies Tools in the Services—

What a godsend it would have been! Models and things to make in wood to have relieved the monotony of off-duty hours. There are a few more Hobbies Outfits about, although not enough to go round. But some fellows must be lucky!

Hobbies

Fretwork Sets manufactured by Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

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PRODUCTION HAS BEEN RESUMED

Radios and Radiograms will be available to the public in limited quantities in the New Year.

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WE'RE ALL GROWING UP OR—

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

He loves me..... he loves me not!

If you have to do this to find out—he doesn't! And the reason might easily be —dingy teeth.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM *Twice a day*

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth . . . brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth—with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

1/1 *Including Tax*

"—so some BRYLCREEM is still obtainable"

Yes, but like most good things it's scarce. Perhaps it won't be so long now before more plentiful times come round. Meanwhile when you do get a bottle use it sparingly.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

October 27 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2054 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

OUR MEN—AND "FRATTING"

STUPID MISCHIEF MAKING! There is no other phrase for it. Anyone would think from some Press reports and speeches that every British Tommy in Germany is a victim of Nazi vamps. What nonsense!

To the wives, mothers and sweethearts of Britain we give warning — and reassurance. You have the duty of trusting your menfolk. Rest easy. They are as anxious to get home as you are to have them back.

It is a cruel lie to suggest that our men out there are eager listeners to the songs of Reich sirens. It is a foul slander to infer that large numbers of our soldiers are wide-eyed innocents falling for a Nazi "Get sympathy" racket.

Sections of the Press and one or two politicians who should know better have encouraged this rubbish. Incidents of fraternisation with German women have been "played up" to a fantastic extent.

ON THE STRENGTH of just one dance to which German women were invited, a fantastic picture was drawn of Hitlerite females enjoying the luxury of Officers' Clubs while ATS rankers were refused entry. All this was a gross caricature of the real facts.

It so happens that men of the British Army on the Rhine are not spineless fools unable to resist a German woman's smile.

Anything "sexy" is beloved of some sections of the Press. They play it up with enthusiasm. It sells newspapers. They don't give a hoot that it also brings pain and distress to British women who have been so long separated from their loved ones.

It is not an alteration of the habits of the BAOR that is needed. It is an alteration in the habits of part of the Press, and a sense of responsibility in some minor public figures.

JOHN BULL makes no bones about it. Any newspaper, any man or woman who causes a moment's unnecessary anxiety to the families of our Servicemen is guilty of a shameful and cowardly thing.

The Editor

Bevan's House-to-House Fight

Airways alter geography. No wage increase for M.P.s. Teetotallers make a discovery. Looking after junior citizens. Pitfalls in drapery trade. Game shooting illegal on Sundays

STARTING NEXT JANUARY, Minister of Health "Nye" Bevan will issue monthly "Housing Progress Reports." They will give the facts of the fight against the housing famine.

An excellent decision. The Minister's monthly communiqués will tell of battles as vital as any we have had to face.

Behind Bevan are the massed ranks of Government supporters. Many of them have expert knowledge of housing problems. They come from constituencies where, even before the war, housing conditions were a horrible indictment of our nation.

In front of the Minister will be a vigilant Opposition. It will search those monthly reports for debating ammunition. Bevan neither expects nor asks mercy from them.

Building Battle

The Minister of Health is a master of cut-and-thrust Parliamentary debating. On page 7 Hannen Swaffer sums him up as a Minister whose success will lead to 10, Downing Street. We agree.

But Bevan himself has declared that rhetoric builds no houses. More than any other Minister, he will be tested by his capacity to deliver the goods.

"If I fail," he told the House of Commons, "it will not be because the Government has not given me every power and facility I need. It will be because of my personal defects. Mine will be the responsibility." A brave statement—from a brave man.

Bottleneck Barrier

In the last few weeks there have been innumerable complaints by local councils that Whitehall has been holding up housing plans There has been justice in this complaint. The remedy is "Nye."

The Minister has already decreed a ruthless attack on red tape—a holy war on bottlenecks; a strict examination of every housing hold-up.

He, with Geordie Buchanan, M.P., the Under-Secretary for Scotland, handling Scotland's housing problems, can claim already to have cleared away some of the administrative debris. The Government starts well.

Back to Barbarism

"THE NATIONS have run to their homes and are barricading their doors," says Sir Halford Mackinder. He sums up the reversion of civilised men and women to primitive fears.

He is right. That is precisely what the nations are doing. Fighting back against the evil tide of hopeless isolationism, however, is a growing band of those who see the truth.

Among them is Professor E. G. R. Taylor, former head of the Geography Department at Birkbeck College, University of London. His new pamphlet, *Geography of an Air Age*, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs (1s.), is an urgent message for this generation.

The Great Change

His theme is simple. Geographical distances, national boundaries, economic isolation—all these things have been radically affected by the coming of the air age. What were solid political facts ten years ago are mere myths now.

Any sergeant-pilot of the R.A.F. subconsciously realises that. Many statesmen, generals and technicians don't. They argue, negotiate and intrigue to preserve a world that has crumbled about their ears.

They think in illusions. Time marches on. They stand still.

HERBERT MORRISON AS SEEN BY LAND

This is how the Leader of the House often looks nowadays. The new Commons has seen Mr. Morrison at his most genial, urbane and persuasive.

He needs those qualities. On behalf of the Government, he is having to pacify the back-benchers who want an immediate increase in the old-age pensions scale. JOHN BULL sympathises with that demand. So, we suspect, does Mr. Morrison at heart.

Sanity Signs

IN LONDON on November 1 yet another of the United Nations assemblies will meet. It will concentrate on Education and Cultural matters. It will bring together a host of men and women speaking different tongues—but thinking largely in the same sane terms.

Much depends on their work. Teacher, technician and people can form a great alliance of common sense against the suicidal silliness of the isolationists.

We shall watch the proceedings of this United Nations gathering with intense eagerness and hope. The things they will discuss are matters for the common man. He fights and dies, he goes hungry, he suffers for the stupidities of others supposed to lead him. Let the common man take an interest and take a hand in shaping his own destiny!

Sins of Mother

MRS. OLIVE HICKEN, of Kingswood Park Road, Birmingham, with one of her neighbours, worked out a clever plot to secure more ration books than she was entitled to. She and her accomplice secured new books by fraud. They sold the clothing coupons.

Mrs. Hicken goes to jail for three months. It was not a harsh sentence. Mrs. Hicken deserved it. But should her children suffer for their mother's offences? We say "No."

She has three children, aged eight, five and three. For most of the day when Mrs. Hicken was sentenced, they looked after themselves. Later, the father, an R.A.S.C. driver, who was sent for, arrived home. He will have to look after them.

A Better Way

We do not defend Mrs. Hicken. We do say that magistrates, when imposing sentences, should be careful to see that those sentences do not impose hardship on the innocent.

Unless the circumstances are of the worst possible kind, no woman who has children and can prove, despite her offences, that she has properly cared for them, should be sent to jail.

If she has to be sent, the Court should see to it that proper provision is made for the care of children.

M.P.s' Pay

BAD NEWS FOR M.P.s. They will not get an increase in their wage packets. After full consideration, the Government has decided against it.

Main reason: because of reduction in overtime, redundancy and re-organisation, the payroll of the average worker is getting slimmer.

Therefore, says the Government, it would be a bad thing at such a time for M.P.s to give themselves an increase, no matter how badly it is needed. There is strength in this argument.

Give Them the Tools

But there is no dispute that unless he has other sources of income, an M.P. cannot do his job efficiently. £600 a year does not spread over two homes, a big weekly postage bill, London expenses and rail fares (if the M.P. does not live in his constituency).

The Government is examining possibilities of giving help in kind. It is an urgent matter. Some young M.P.s who came straight from the Forces to Parliament are in a really desperate situation.

We know two who after the end of the year will simply not be able to attend Parliament more than three days a week. We know another who is having to consider taking his child away from school. He cannot afford the fees.

Jennie Lee Leads

Foremost in the fight for a square deal for our legislators is Jennie Lee, who represents Cannock. She, with a number of other young members who have resources apart from the Parliamentary salary, are demanding prompt help for their less lucky colleagues.

Jennie's argument is simple. "An M.P. who has to think twice about buying a full meal in the House of Commons is not going to do his job properly," she said.

The announcement of price reductions in the Commons' dining rooms is the direct outcome of this and similar arguments.

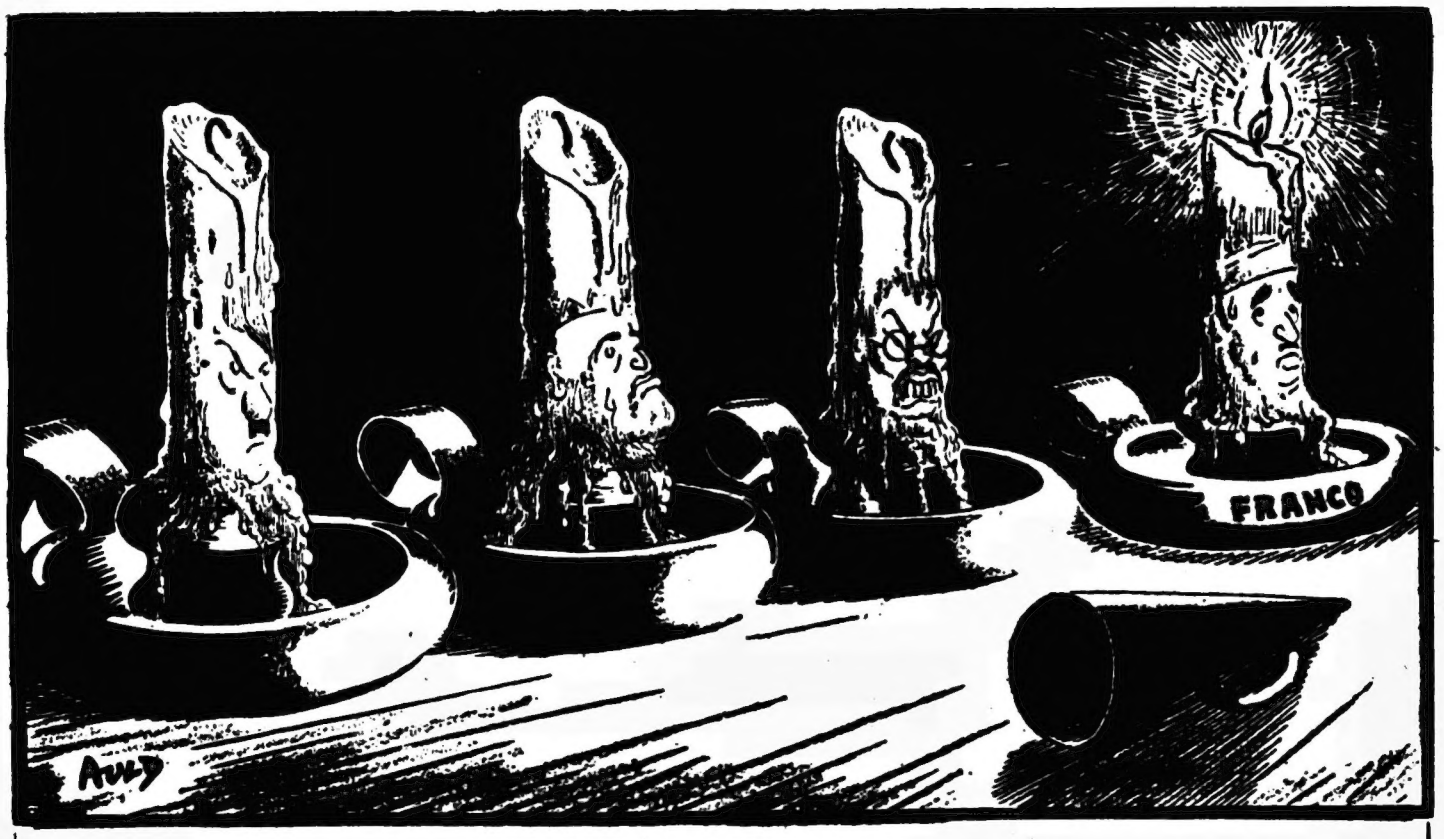
Pub Path to Perdition

THE REPORT ON TEMPERANCE presented to the Synod of Clydesdale announces a remarkable discovery. It declares that

"IT SEEMED TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

writes Mrs. F. Green, of Loughborough, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire Insurance as well as many other invaluable Household Benefits.



GOING, GOING —

THIS week's news suggests that Franco is secure again.

A few months ago, no insurance company would have risked a penny on his chances of survival.

Now he seems strong enough to wave down the Spanish Pretender, bark defiance at the world, and start a new anti-Communist crusade.

The strength is illusory. For that matter, Franco isn't like the popular conception of him.

He is the shrewdest dictator of them all. His high voice and colourless manner, his rather effeminate hands, his short, stout figure, are no index to his character. Look instead at the cold eyes.

"The United Nations are not so united these days," he reasons. "They have so many differences that they are not likely to worry about my past. Besides, I might cash in on the international situation of the moment, and win American capitalist support for an anti-Red campaign."

His shrewdness has failed him. None of the Great Powers views him with approval. Eighty per cent. of the Spanish people are opposed to his régime, for they do not easily forget.

They remember that four years ago there were 2,000,000 political prisoners in Franco's jails and concentration camps. Some 300,000 died from beatings, disease and starvation.

And still there is a secret policeman to every apartment house. Still there is frightful poverty throughout the land.

The Pretender, Don Juan, has refused to return to the throne on conditions that would allow the Fascists to retain their privileges. Only a handful of generals, not the whole army; only the most reactionary part of the Church, not the whole, are in favour of bolstering up Franco.

So the position is as our cartoonist depicts. The man who was a general at thirty-two, who allowed the gangsters of Germany and Italy to try out modern warfare against his own compatriots, is not likely to be in power much longer.

the main obstacle to temperance is "the lamentable attitude of the general public."

This has the breath-taking logic of meaning that most people are not teetotallers because they like a drink!

Frankly, in approving the Report, the Synod gave one more indication of the almost fincanny knack that so many temperance advocates have of putting their case in the worst possible way.

Young Folks' Failings

The war steadily increased the number of young—very young—people who drink too much.

The difficulty is that in practically all our big cities, cinema, pub and dance hall are the only three places deliberately attracting our young people.

That admirable American institution, the drug store, has no British equivalent, unless it be the "herb shops" in our smaller northern towns. Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and London—if these and all other larger centres of population had been wiser in making provision for younger people to enjoy themselves, there would be less heard about the decline in morals and the increase in drinking.

Junior Citizen Catering

Now there are welcome signs that local authorities are waking up to their responsibilities.

Youth clubs, youth cafés for young folk, with music, adequate sports facilities, swimming pools, tennis courts—these are all included in plans for the not-too-distant future.

Brands From the Burning!

This is the way to tackle the problem. The Churches, in the main, were never able to organise their youth activities on a proper basis. They tended to treat young people as brands to be plucked from the burning; as something that had to be "improved."

The rising generation resents being approached like that. We agree with it. That is why we believe the municipal authorities—Britain's education machinery—will have to undertake the task of giving young citizens the facilities they deserve. They should succeed where the Churches largely failed.

Wholesale Blackmail

MR. B. MORGAN, of Brentford, Middlesex, is a prominent member of the Retail Fruit Trade Federation. He has told one of its conferences: "There is no protection for the retailer against victimisation f the wholesaler."

How true. There is scarcely a large city where the local Food Control Committee has not been fuming about it for the last three or four years.

This is why. The wholesalers illegally force retailers to buy certain commodities by refusing them supplies of goods they do want unless their terms are accepted.

No Evidence

Time and time again the Food Control Committees receive complaints about some blackmail from the indignant retailer. They invite the retailer to meet the Committee.

He comes. He states his case. The Committee decides to prosecute. It asks the retailer to give evidence. He refuses. No evidence—no prosecution.

The position is that if a retailer dares to give such evidence, many of the wholesalers will see that he suffers for it. So retailers prefer to suffer in silence. Now and again one of them, like Mr. Morgan, dares to speak up. But he is running a grave risk.

Sir Ben Baffled

We know that Minister of Food Sir Ben Smith has spent some time on this problem. He believes a solution is possible. But it will be a difficult task.

Meanwhile, the retailers must suffer from the wholesalers' conspiracy to rook them and defy the law. It is an intolerable situation.

At London, Liverpool, Manchester and other markets, it seems that retailers would be well advised to get together and act jointly. The wholesalers rely upon the retailers' disunity. They play upon it. So far they have got away with it.

Unity Against Lawbreakers

Mr. Morgan secured the support of his Federation that an approach should be made to the Ministry of Food to discuss measures for protecting any loyal citizen who gives evidence against those who break the law.

It the worst comes to the worst, he wants the National Federation of Retail Fruit Traders to be given wholesale licences. This would hit the offending wholesalers where it hurts—in their pockets.

It is an idea that appeals to us very much. It will probably appeal to Sir Ben Smith if matters do not improve.

"Gen" on Drapery

EARLY IN 1945, Lord Hollenden persuaded the Wholesale Textile Association to set up a committee to help and advise ex-Servicemen and women who wanted to enter the Drapery Trade as retailers on their own account.

Now the committee has issued a booklet "So You Want to be a Draper?" Packed between its blue covers are warnings about the trade's pitfalls. Both Ernest Bevin and his successor at the Ministry of Labour, George Isaacs, take a keen personal interest in the committee's work.

The Ministry has readily agreed to issue free copies of the Drapers' booklet to all resettlement centres. They should be available in most of them by this week-end.

Gratuity Grabbers

The main concern of the committee has been to prevent Servicemen falling into the hands of the wolves who hope to cash in on gratuities.

Lord Hollenden particularly stressed the tragedies after the last war, when men from the front were ruthlessly rooked by the rascals who specialised in unloading phony businesses upon unwary fighting men.

"It mustn't happen again," he says. So do we. That is why we give a warm welcome to the Wholesale Textile Association's excellent little handbook.

Headline News!

A SPECIAL PRESS NOTICE issued by the Ministry of Agriculture clears up a grave national problem. It seems the Department has received many inquiries about the legal position of game shooting in England and Wales on Sundays or on Christmas Day.

Now the Ministry experts have put our minds at rest. Its experts state that the Defence (Game) Regulations which, among other things, amended Section 3 of the Game Act, 1831, were repealed shortly after VE Day.

Game shooting on Sundays and Christmas Day is therefore no longer permissible. Those miscreants who, failing to get a turkey, try to remedy the position by bagging another bird with the Luger they brought back as a souvenir are hereby warned to watch what day it is.

Gallant Gordon

GRAND LITTLE JOCKEY Gordon Richards rides hard to the 3,000-winner post. This Staffordshire King of the Turf deserves his success.

Always a Derby win has evaded him. We remember his saying that he thinks fate has decided he has won enough already!

Apart from racing, Gordon's sporting interests are football and pigeons. When he retires it is to these two things he hopes to devote more time.

Sergeant Joe

JOE LOUIS has signed up to meet Billy Conn for the heavy-weight championship. Both have been serving in the U.S. Army. Conn is 28—Louis 31. Conn who gave Louis his hardest fight when in 1941 he led on points up to the thirteenth round, and then received a Louis pile-driver that finished the fight thinks he can win.

Louis agrees that he is not so fast as he was, but he still thinks he can deal with Conn. Either way, Louis has proved to the United States that it is not the colour of a man's skin that prevents him being a great champion and a great sportsman.

IS THIS WHAT GERMANY DESERVES?

HERBERT HODGE went to Berlin to find out for this exclusive article what defeat means to the ordinary people. The Germans are suffering. Starvation and cold will kill many this winter. Their children are listless, under-nourished. Do they deserve it? Perhaps—but this human story invites compassion as well as retribution

"YOU'LL HATE IT," said the Lieutenant as we drove out to the Berlin suburbs. "We all hate it. But it's got to be done. We need that furniture for the sergeants' mess and the men's clubs. And the only way to get it is to requisition it."

It was a pouring wet morning and the shattered streets of Berlin looked even more dismal than when I had first looked at them on the previous day. Queues of tired-looking women and listless children stood in the rain outside the almost empty food shops.

Between us, on the front seat of our requisitioned German Mercedes, lay a loaded revolver and a packet of wine-gums.

I asked why the wine-gums?

"For the kids," said the Lieutenant. "We don't want to frighten the kids."

On the back seat was our British interpreter, and two pale young spectacled German clerks from the Burgomaster's office. Behind us followed three empty British lorries.

The German clerks carried typewritten lists of the houses and flats we were to visit (all homes of Nazis) and the items of furniture there. I'd seen too many blitzed homes in London to feel soft-hearted about it. After all, the Nazis had started it. If our men needed chairs and tables, it was right the Nazis supplied them.

Home of a Nazi

Our German clerks directed us into what looked to me like a working-class district.

The Lieutenant was a little taken aback. Like me, he had thought we were out to despoil the rich. But the German clerks assured us that we were going to the home of a well-known Nazi.

The door was opened by an elderly woman. She said her husband was away. And then added: "I'm sorry. I can't see you. I'm blind."

The Lieutenant hesitated, then shook his head, and led us out again.

We went up the street to another house. Here the man was at home. He protested bitterly. But he had five good armchairs. We chose two.

At the next place we visited, there was no man at home, only a thin, pale young woman and two thin little children—a boy and a girl. This was obviously going to be a painful one. The Lieutenant made careful inquiries about the number of people in the household. He chose a small table and one chair.

Meanwhile, I attended to the wine-gum distribution. The little boy took his and politely thanked me, but the tiny flaxen-haired girl seemed not to know what sweets were for. I had to poke it into her mouth.

The only people who looked happy were our German furniture-removers. There were three of them—two very large and one very small. All three, I was told, had spent several years in concentration camps. Now they were having their revenge and thoroughly enjoying it. They requisitioned furniture with broad grins.

We held a consultation on the pavement. What we wanted, insisted the Lieutenant, were some big shots, not little people like this. After some argument and much searching of their lists, the German clerks led us to a large block of flats where, they said, an S.S. leader lived.

Here we found the door locked against us, and no answer to our knocking. The noise brought out the people in the flat opposite:

"Those silent, listless, dead-alive children are Berlin's most appalling sight"

grandma, two grown-up daughters, and four pale little grandchildren.

The interpreter inquired about keys. It seemed there was none to fit. The S.S. leader's flat had a very special and very posh front door—with three very special locks on it.

The only thing to do was to force our way in. The S.S. man had been officially warned of our coming—as had the inhabitants of all the flats we visited. Prestige was at stake, now, too. We could not let him get away with a locked door.

One of our furniture-removers delightedly started work on the fanlight with a tyre-lever. The Lieutenant seemed worried about the children. I again distributed wine-gums. Grandma nodded benevolently at us all; then went in and came out again with a large axe which she smilingly offered us. Grandma didn't like the S.S.

The children—pale and listless (like all the Berlin children I saw) sucked and stared in silence, apparently not caring one way or the other. Of all the children I saw that morning, only one, a little girl, smiled. Nor did I see one child cry. Those silent, listless, dead-alive children are Berlin's most appalling sight.

The fanlight was quickly levered out. The little man climbed in and opened the door.

Like a Show-piece

The S.S. leader had done himself proud. His flat was furnished like a show-piece in a furniture shop—a great contrast to the other homes we had visited; and, for that matter, a great contrast to the kind of furnishings most of us have to make do with here in Britain.

There were thick pile carpets in every room: expensive deep double beds in each of the two bedrooms, with luxurious bedspreads; a magnificent settee and easy chairs upholstered in red plush; and electric clocks in all the rooms. Even the kitchen cabinet was an ornate, fancy piece, fronted with inlaid woods.

But the most amazing thing about it was the absolute brand-newness of everything. When the furniture-removers turned up the settee to take it away, I saw that the springs were as bright and shining as if they had been put in the day before. The only conclusion I could come to was that all this furniture must have recently come from shops—probably from looted shops in the occupied countries.

We helped ourselves liberally here—and with a clear conscience. But the Lieutenant was careful to leave the S.S. leader his beds, his main table, several chairs, his kitchen cabinet and all its utensils—a sufficiency for living.

We went on to other flats, meeting all kinds of attempts to avoid requisitioning.

The easiest kind to tackle was the locked door. That was plain defiance and could be tackled with plain force. But it was more difficult to cope with the sentimental sort—the woman who told us the small table we wanted was a wedding present, or the woman who said she'd polished that armchair for twenty years.

Some people tried to put us off with stories of disease in the house. There was the woman, for instance, who told us the settee we were taking had been regularly slept on by a tuberculous girl. And the man who warned us to keep out, saying two of his family had typhus.

We gave him the benefit of the doubt, the Lieutenant telling the Burgomaster's clerks to see that his story was checked.

Stench of Despair

It was easy to believe almost any story of disease in some of those Berlin flats. Although most of them appeared to be comfortable and well-built places, of the middle-class type, the fœtid smell that hit you as you entered the main door and began to climb the communal staircase, made you imagine the building must house rotting corpses rather than living human beings.

It was a smell that rose to a stench when we entered some of the flats, a stench that made my chest contract against the action of breathing. The Lieutenant put it down to the constantly closed windows, owing to lack of fuel, and the unwashed clothes and bodies, due to lack of soap. It varied in intensity from flat to flat, but it hung around nearly all of them—the stench of despair. Curiously, there was no smell in the S.S. leader's flat.

At the end of four hours and many visits, we had acquired two lorry-loads of furniture. We had covered a great deal of ground—this because the Lieutenant had been so careful to take from each home only what could easily be spared. Even so, both he and the British interpreter seemed to fear I might feel they had been treating their defeated enemies harshly.

On the contrary. If ever two men handled military necessity with sympathy, understanding and tenderness for the feelings of their enemies, it was those two British soldiers. I felt proud of them. I could well believe, now, that the Germans I had spoken to in various parts of our occupied area had not just been buttering me up when they said they preferred our zone.

No, the appalling part of that morning in Berlin was the part I felt we could do very little about—those queues of tired women and listless children.

Once you've looked into their faces, you do not doubt many will die this winter.

But the next day, at almost the same time, I was driving into London from Croydon air terminal. And there, outside the shops in the Streatham High Road, were similar queues of patiently waiting women.

True, those London women were certain of getting more and better food; certain, for the moment, that their children would be better fed. But how much more? How much better?

It's that question, it seems to me, that must decide the issue. That, and that alone. We are morally bound to do all we possibly can for those starving German children. But have we the food to spare?

HERBERT HODGE

Cockney-born, spent most of his boyhood in a London basement. First job with a baker at 1s. 6d. a week. Became taxi-driver, wrote biography "It's Draughty In Front." Broadcaster with "the smiling voice," was sent on good-will tour of America. Has written two plays, one called "Where's that Bomb?" Wrote for ten years without having work accepted.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. George Tomlinson, M.P.,

Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—Something really drastic must be done. The scandal of wanton carelessness, theft, black marketing and a rich variety of minor roguery is seriously affecting the erection of temporary houses.

Your Ministry has a phrase "Goods lost from site." Thousands of pounds' worth of house components are vanishing unaccountably from housing sites.

Recently, nine baths, nine electric cookers, a number of electric control boxes were "lost" on one site I know. Picture railing for fifteen houses on another site vanished. Water taps, bath and basin plugs, electric fittings—all these are helping to make a sneak thief's paradise.

One firm alone has put in applications to your Ministry for replacement of over 10,000 miscellaneous building items that "vanished."

I hope that, from now on, your Ministry will get very busy destroying these housing pests whose greedy paws put quite an effective brake on the housing drive.—JOHN BULL.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.,

26, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, London, N.6

DEAR MISS RATHBONE,—You have been and still are Britain's Number One Woman Crusader against injustice. At the moment you are fighting to protect British women who have married aliens of Allied or neutral nationality.

Time and time again I have pointed out here that while British women married to enemy aliens are entitled to retain British citizenship, those who marry our friends are denied this elementary right!

You have written to all your fellow Members of Parliament to support you in remedying this gross, unjustifiable state of things. They should. I think they will.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Arthur Deakin,

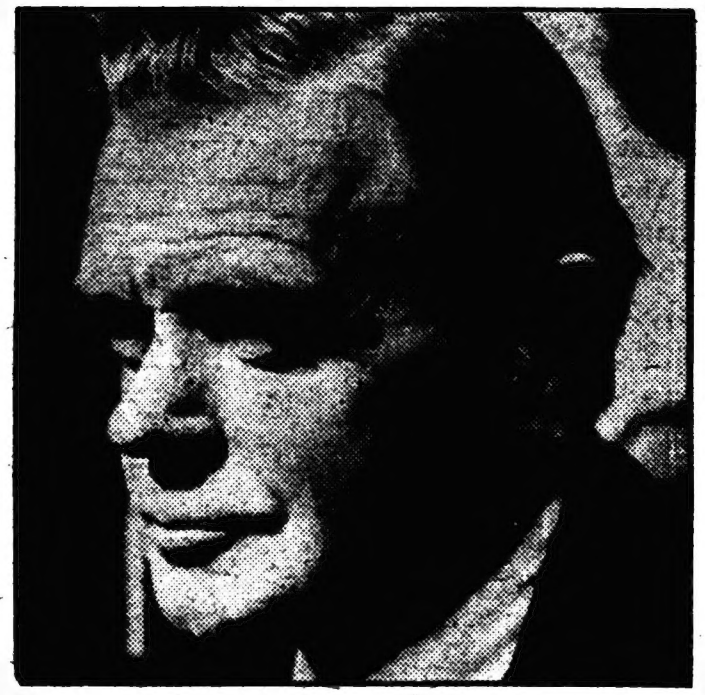
Transport and General Workers' Union

DEAR MR. DEAKIN,—Like you, I deeply deplored the recent strike-wave that paralysed British ports. But there are lessons to be learned from the strikes.

I am certain you will be as alert as you always have been to see that your union machinery is kept at maximum efficiency to meet changing needs. The T. and G.W. is the greatest and strongest trade union in the country. It has a magnificent record of service to its members.

But size brings certain dangers. Too many of your members—including the dockers—declare that with the union's growth there has been less and less intimate contact between men and union officers. There has been, it is alleged, a tendency to forget that the real strength of your own or any trade union lies in the means provided for the members to play an active decisive part in union affairs.

You will be the first to want to remedy even the slightest justification that may exist for these suggestions.—JOHN BULL.



Sneak-thieves worry George Tomlinson

The Secretary,

Allied Services' Free Canteens, Preston Station

DEAR SIR.—To hundreds of thousands of Allied fighting men scattered all over the world, your canteens are regarded as pretty near the ideal of what canteens should be. Back in the early grim blackout days I remember that friendly welcome there was for the tired soldier at Preston Station.

Started six years ago, you and your colleagues kept up the grand traditions of the Free Canteen of 1914-18, of which Preston was so rightly proud.

At one time you had nearly 900 volunteers. They worked different shifts through a twenty-four hour day. Yours was the ever-open door. The pressure on your grand public-spirited enterprise is less now. But the gratitude of those you served remains the same. Your canteens were, and are, a credit to the generous, hospitable people of Preston.—JOHN BULL.

Major Frank Sidwell

Manager, Refreshment Department, Houses of Parliament

DEAR MAJOR SIDWELL,—Tipping in the House of Commons is to be abolished. M.P.s are to get cheaper meals. Good! Even better, the staff of your department, shabbily treated in the past, are going to get a square deal in future.

They will be paid wages during the Parliamentary recess. Previously they were compelled to scrounge around for odd outside jobs. Their conditions generally will be improved.

You, the recently appointed head of your department, have the job of supervising Parliament's internal revolution. In co-operation with R. C. Morrison, M.P., chairman of the Kitchen Committee, you will make the House of Commons a place fit for decent people to work in. And not before time.—JOHN BULL.

Miss Cecily M. Craven, J.P.,

Secretary, Penal Reform Society

DEAR MISS CRAVEN,—You are seeking to strengthen your Society in Parliament. And I am glad to know that from the new House of Commons you are gaining invaluable recruits to the cause of penal reform.

A commonsense approach to crime; cure, not punishment, as the primary aim. Reform of the magistracy; an attack on the social cause of juvenile delinquency.

These are some of the matters upon which your Society takes the lead, and in which I, too, have always been interested. We shall not have to wait much longer, I hope, for sensible action.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

The King-Pin

ONE THING IS CERTAIN—that no one ever made a real success of his life without first having learned to discipline himself.

Now let us be clear just what this means. It does not necessarily mean martyrdom, nor does it inevitably mean self-sacrifice. It may mean either or both of these.

It certainly means a good deal more than just self-control. It emphatically implies real will-power. It demands a good measure of reason, judgment and patience.

There is no great merit in self-sacrifice or martyrdom for its own sake. Comfort is not a vice, any more than pleasure is.

If there is any real gain, either for yourself or for others, to be had from martyrdom and self-sacrifice, then that is another thing altogether. But it is still only a small part of self-discipline.

You cannot be self-disciplined unless you have your thoughts and your emotions under strict control. You must be able to think what you wish to think when you will. What is more important, you must be able to exclude the distracting thoughts at will.

You must be able to restrain your annoyance and your anger and your indignation. Equally you must be able to unleash them when the occasion merits.

Above all you must be big enough and strong enough to do right because it is right, and for no other reason: to refrain from doing wrong because it is wrong, and from no other motive.

That is something of what self-discipline means. It is worth all your endeavour to achieve. It is the King-Pin of the whole Machine.

Argument

The separation order leaves men and women married, and yet not married. Is this right?

SHOULD JUDICIAL SEPARATION BE ABOLISHED?

Yes

1. When a marriage has failed it should be ended. Any intermediate state is unnatural and must result in harm.

2. A woman whose husband has put himself legally in the wrong can get a separation order and for years receive money while making no return.

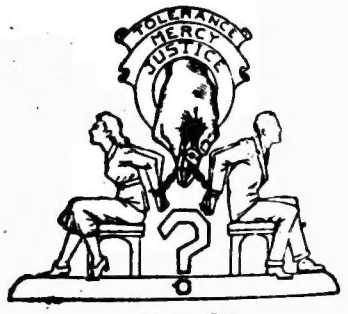
3. The courts which make this appalling decision are often unskilled, the proceedings brief, appeal very costly. Often the true story does not come out.

4. While either party to a marriage contract must be protected against the bad conduct of the other, the aim of the law should be to produce decisions simple and final, not indefinite and strained.

5. Scruples of conscience which prevent divorce are often a cloak for sheer spite.

6. In a world which increasingly gives women equality with men as wage earners, the payment of separation allowances—money for nothing—is becoming less necessary.

7. Separation leads to promiscuous relationships, living in sin, and illegitimacy.



No

1. Objection to divorce comes from deepest religious principles. Conscience has always been respected by our law.

2. The Roman Catholic Church is clear and inflexible on this point. Those who marry Catholics know that divorce will not be possible.

3. Magistrates of wide experience give patient hearings to marriage difficulties, and grant separation orders only on the clearest evidence.

4. After a period of separation, a marriage can often be salvaged. The court has probation officers and other officials who effect reconciliation whenever possible.

5. The Law considers marriage to be a contract like any other. If one party breaks the contract, the other has the right to end or continue the contract at will. Otherwise bad conduct would be a simple means of evading obligation.

6. It is true that there are obvious hardships in separation cases, particularly for the man, but those who do wrong must take the consequences.

7. A sentimental attitude to the comparatively few hard cases must not be allowed to undermine all marriage by provision of divorce at will.

PRIME MINISTER IN THE MAKING?

A portrait of Aneurin Bevan, the tough Welsh fighter, who—suggests Swaffer—may one day hold the highest office in the land. If he doesn't he may fail in an equally spectacular way. How he handles the doctors and the housing experts, as Minister of Health, during the next few weeks may prove a pointer to his destiny

by
HANNEN SWAFFER

WILL ANEURIN BEVAN eventually become Prime Minister? Or will he prove a lamentable failure in office? It is, say wise Parliamentarians, one thing or the other.

He has taken on, by choice, one of the stiffest jobs facing the Government—the rebuilding of Britain and the evolving of a State medical service.

Massed against him, when he assumed office, were both the private building interests and the British Medical Council. Would he woo them, or defy them? That was the question. He has, mind you, not only a will but a persuasive charm.

Well, his first speech as Minister of Health was a parliamentary triumph—the most successful debut of our generation. Outlining his housing plans in a crowded House, he was bold enough to say. "If I fail, it will be because of lack of personal qualities," and not because of the limit of the powers given him!

His Opponents Squirmed

He was frank. He was challenging. He railed his Tory opponents over their housing blunders in the past until they squirmed. He accused building societies of being moneylenders.

Challenged for figures about what he was going to do, he replied: "We have had too many programmes. It is time we had houses. If I tie myself to figures, I may become the victim of building contractors who mean to hold the public up to racket prices."

And he promised, not the old "houses for sale," but "houses to let"—housing, in fact, for the lower income groups.

Nothing rattled him. He was not only the master of the House, but the master of himself. Here, indeed, was a potential Premier, a bold thinker and a great planner.

Now, we must "wait and see."

It is hard to believe now, but only five months ago I heard him recall, in the Holborn Town Hall, the circumstances of his humble origin. He was jeering at the "free enterprise" which Beaverbrook proclaimed and for which the Beaver's son, Max Aitken, stood in that division.

"Free" Enterprise

"I had all the advantages of free enterprise when I was a lad," he said. "There were four boys in our family. When we left school at thirteen, we could indulge in the free enterprise of becoming doctors or scientists or architects or professors: but somehow we all went down the pit. It was sheer cussedness, I suppose. Then when, a few years afterwards, there was a lock-out, once again we were free to ramble all over the world and enjoy ourselves. But we all went on the 'dole.' Yes, we were very obstinate."

Well, Aneurin's political views swept the country. Unexpectedly, except that Aneurin prophesied the victory, Labour found itself in power and Aneurin became Minister of Health.

To-day he sits in a big room overlooking Parliament Square. His balcony is the one from which, on V-Day, Churchill stood with Attlee, Bevin and Morrison and received the plaudits of the multitude. Now, Churchill is out and Bevan, *if he succeeds*, is on the way to the premiership which Winston has lost.

He faces serious trouble on all sides. He will have to brave not only the wrath of the builders and the official doctors who oppose State medicine, but possible trouble from workers who object to directed labour and the anger of Socialists who, on the borough councils, will oppose the merging of municipal hospitals, of which they are proud, in a broad scheme which may include hospitals of all kinds, voluntary and public.

ANEURIN BEVAN AS SEEN BY KENNEDY

"That architect of disloyalty"—*Winston Churchill*

Yet Aneurin Bevan is tough. He proved that during a war in which, not only in *Tribune*, which he edited, but in the Commons, he stung an idolised Churchill into frequent anger. His speeches were barbed and pointed. His smile, engaging to friends, incensed his enemies.

Aneurin saw in Churchill not merely a man who successfully made war on the Germans but a man who, in the past, had waged war on the masses, and who, in peace-time, would do it again.

Churchill was the avowed enemy of the Socialism which was Bevan's faith. Aneurin said so at crowded meetings right across the country, where he became the darling of the Left. His own leaders did not like it; but Aneurin went on, as did Shinwell. In the historic election of this year they were more than justified. Their war-time speeches were remembered even during "the Churchill circus."

Supported by the Nation

Winston used to call Bevan "that architect of disloyalty." Aneurin was being loyal to his own opinions. And, after five years of a Churchill *v.* Bevan controversy, it was the Bevan views that the nation supported.

Few to-day remember that, in the long years when Churchill was in the wilderness, Aneurin Bevan was one of his rare friends. Well, they have several qualities in common. . . . Their long talks in the Smoking Room would, were they recorded, make one of the most fascinating books ever written; for Aneurin talks even better than Churchill does.

I have often said of him that he is the only man in England whose conversation could be printed verbatim. His brain is much quicker than Churchill's. The best story that proves that may not be printed for half a century.

In his youth, he pored, late into the night, over books on philosophy. He learned economics, not only in a miners' lodge but at the Labour College—and with such difficulty that, even there, he absented himself from classes in order to conquer, in his bedroom, a stammer of which he still shows signs. And he has closely studied foreign politics and the history of the working classes in every land. In the war he made himself an expert in military strategy!

Perhaps the last-named knowledge served him in good stead when, not many months back and not for the first time, he was nearly expelled from the Labour Party as "a naughty boy." Anyway, soon after that, he was voted to the executive by acclamation!

In the House, many M.P.s call him "Nye." He is apt to call anybody, male or female, "My dear."

His marriage to Jennie Lee was a romance. Both were born in a miner's home. Both, when quite young, became M.P.s. Both have great charm, the gift of oratory and enthusiasm. Both are journalists. Both are popular.

Hardships of Early Life

Jennie, like Bunty, knows how to manage her man. She does not interfere. Aneurin often agrees with her because she seems to be agreeing with him.

You would think, because of the hardship of his early life, that Aneurin would be bitter. Unlike Shinwell, he is not. He can adjust himself to any company. He enjoys good food and drink; but he would never make them a habit.

They say "Nye likes the bright lights." Actually, he wouldn't mind a black-out. He could always find his way about.

It was as a revolutionary that Aneurin approached the problems of the housing chaos left by Duncan Sandys, Henry Willink and Lord Portal. He knew they had to be dealt with like a war-time measure.

But, alas, he was handicapped by shortage of labour and the need for sitting down and studying in detail every report ever prepared on housing by his predecessors. Fortunately, he has a brain that can remember anything that he has once read.

Then there were brought to him all sorts of plans which others had rejected. One prepared by a genius, at least in Aneurin Bevan's opinion, was for small skyscrapers of flats in villages.

Skyscrapers in Villages

Whether this will be finally approved I do not know. But, anyway, Aneurin argues: "The workers don't like flats because they are mere tenements. No worker would mind living in a luxury flat. And these would be almost as good as that."

That is only one of the plans of which, before long, you may hear a lot.

Anyway, Bevan is determined that the workers shall have proper homes to live in.

He may have arguments with the unions, fervent trade unionist though he is. He may have rows with local councillors, although he has been one himself. Certainly he will have rows with the bosses; but he has fought them all his life. He may even have rows in the Cabinet itself; but he has had many rows with its members before they were a Cabinet.

This great thing he knows—that two of the most urgent needs of Britain are houses and the best of medical treatment for even the very poorest. If he succeeds . . . well, just round the corner from the Ministry of Health, and not more than a hundred yards away, is Number 10.

Our Future Plan Must Be: Wear Out Machines

PUT THE WORKER FIRST

"Revolutionary ideas" for improving the worker's lot and speeding-up British industry are outlined in this important article. Gilbert McAllister's challenging suggestions are based on his own first-hand factory experience

WHEN THE GERMANS stood at only thirty miles from the coast of Britain, when German artillery was pounding Leningrad, when the whole weight of Hitler's legions was hammering at the gates of Moscow, it was easy enough to get the workers in this country to produce more and more weapons in less and less time.

I know how easy it was. I was Group Labour Manager in a big aircraft organisation. It employed about 2,500 people in some twenty-two factories.

No one who did not take part in this greatest industrial effort of all time can have any real idea of the spirit which animated everyone in industry. The managing director, the works managers, the foremen, the shop stewards, the man at the centre lathe and the girl on the assembly line, worked "all-out."

They worked seven days a week, week in and week out. And, of course, they made good wages.

But there came a time when production began to slacken, absenteeism rose, and sickness increased. To me, at any rate, it was clear that the workers were tired and that to go on working a seven-day week would not lead to increased production, but to less production.

Abolished Week-End Work

After consultation with other executives, we decided to abolish Saturday and Sunday work throughout the entire organisation.

The works managers were, almost to a man, against this course. They said it would lead to strikes. The workers would not stand for the lowering of their wages caused by the abolition of time-and-a-half on Saturday and double time on Sunday.

My reply was that, while this would represent a drop to basic rates, with a properly thought-out bonus scheme, introduced after the fullest discussion with the shop stewards, real wages would hardly fall at all.

Notices were posted saying that in a fortnight's time the factories would revert to a five-day week. Not more than two hours after the notices went up the manager of one of the most important factories in the group rang me up. He told me, almost with glee, that the shop stewards had called a meeting and that, by 1,500 votes to 45, they had decided to strike rather than accept the abolition of Saturday and Sunday work.

I got into my car and was at the factory in half an hour. The works manager said that it would be quite impossible to meet the Ministry of Aircraft Production schedules at the end of the month unless the notices were immediately withdrawn.

"Maybe," I said, "but let us meet the shop stewards first, and have a talk with them."

The shop stewards were called in.

"What objections have you to the abolition of Saturday and Sunday work?" I asked.

The chief shop steward, a sincere and an extremely able worker—and an ardent member of the Communist Party—was giving up a great deal of his earning capacity by acting as shop steward.

Drop in Wages

He said: "The abolition of Saturday and Sunday work means a large drop in wages for everybody. Especially it means a very big decrease for all the workers who are so-called staff workers, maintenance men, cleaners, and so on. It means a drop of 30s. to £2 a week for them, and they are earning the lowest wages in the factory."

"All right," I said, "we'll consider that later. In the meantime, what legal arguments have you against the step we propose?"

He looked bewildered. "Legal arguments?" he said, "I don't know what you mean."

"Let's put it in another way," I replied. "The trade unions in this country have fought for a forty-hour week. They have fought for increased leisure for the worker.

"Why do you get time-and-a-half on Saturday and why do you get double time on Sunday? Surely it is because Saturday afternoon is your most important afternoon's leisure, the afternoon when all the big football matches are held. Surely you get double time on Sunday because this is by long tradition the worker's day of rest. But now you are threatening to strike because we are proposing to restore your leisure time."

He was an intelligent man and he admitted the argument. "All right," I said. "I am prepared to increase the wages of all the staff to make good the deficiency caused by the abolition of Saturday and Sunday work if, in the meantime, you agree to study the incentive bonus scheme which we propose to introduce.

"If you agree that it is fair, and that average earnings for a five-day week will be only a few shillings less than your earnings for a seven-day week, you will, I hope, agree to our proposal and call off the threatened strike."

It took much longer than that, of course, but that was the line of our discussion. The shop stewards examined the scheme, agreed that it was a good one, agreed that the slight loss in wages was more than compensated for by the increase leisure, and saw, too, that production would up rather than down.

The scheme was operated and worked perfectly.

If we are to continue this sort of straightforward discussion and satisfactory solution industrial problems in Britain after the war, must start by caring for the health of the work and his happiness in his work before considering secondary factors such as wages and profits, hou of labour, overheads and oncosts.

The worker must be satisfied that the wo he is doing is socially useful, that he is not pr ducing luxury goods before we all have neces ties. He must have security in his work.

The question of security can be solved on national scale only by the Government itse But each employer has personal responsibility.

As I implied in an earlier article, "Time a Joe Workman" (JOHN BULL, September 8), in whi I dealt with the one-man business. In order know whether he can offer security of emplo ment an industrialist ought to know—but seldo does—the capacity of his factory.

By that I mean he ought to know what is t total volume of goods that he can produce any one year having regard to the labour, t buildings and the machinery at his dispos Until he knows that, he does not know what sha of the market for any article he can reasonab hope to "capture"—as pre-1939 thinking wou put it—or to "share," as would be the case in planned and Government-backed economy.

In the past, British industry has been in t habit of wearing out human beings and savi machinery. One of the fundamental aspects the new industrial economy must be that should start wearing out machinery and there save human lives.

It has been customary in British industry "write-off" capital expenditure on machine

—Not Human Beings

by GILBERT McALLISTER, M.P.

over too long a period, often as much as from ten to fifteen years. The result is that too often the machinery in British factories becomes obsolete before it is completely written off. Consequently British industry is not in a good competitive position compared with, say, American industry, where machinery is usually completely depreciated over a space of five years.

It is this practice that gives American industry its enormous superiority in up-to-date plant and equipment. It also means that the British worker has to work longer hours in order to produce the same amount as his American colleague—and very often he receives smaller wages at the end of the week.

It also means that there is little security for the worker or stability for the organisation because, especially if the industry is competing internationally, the employer may wake up one fine morning to find that overseas competition has completely eliminated his usual markets.

The industrialist may argue that he cannot afford to write off his machinery over, say, five years. He cannot afford *not* to write it off.

Too Many Hours

In all probability his factory is working too many hours each week; his workers are doing a forty-eight-hour week when they ought to be doing forty or thirty-five.

At this point, many manufacturers usually give up the argument and assert that one is talking nonsense. More enlightened employers begin to see the point and become interested.

Let us reduce the argument to simple terms. Let us assume that John Workington and Sons, Ltd., employs two hundred men, with a capital investment in machinery of £100,000. They are making electric irons. That factory works forty-eight hours a week and produces £2,500 of irons a week, with an *average* wage of £5 a week. It produces a dividend satisfactory to its shareholders.

If the same factory were to work, not one shift of forty-eight hours, but two shifts of thirty-five hours—that is to say, not a six-day week of eight hours a day, but a two-shift, five-day week of seven hours a day—production, employing an additional 160 men, might be expected to go up to £3,645 a week. The equipment, plant and machinery would be in use for seventy hours as against forty-eight in the one-shift system.

But the overheads—apart from some slight increase in the cost of supervision and of lighting, heating and cleaning—would remain the same. The capital investment in buildings and in machinery would remain the same.

One result that might be expected, however, in changing from a forty-eight-hour to a thirty-five-hour week, is that wages might fall slightly. The average wage might come down from £5 a week for a forty-eight-hour week of six days a week, to £4 12s. 6d. a week for a thirty-five-hour week of five days a week.

Workers should ask themselves which they would rather have. I know their answer.

But even that reduction need only be a drop in the basic wages. With well-conceived incentive bonus schemes, worked out by the employer with the full co-operation of the shop stewards and the wage-negotiating committees, the actual average wage might very well increase.

Like most revolutionary ideas, this simple basic conception of wearing out machines instead of human beings seems too crude to be practical. The answer to that is that, even in this country to-day, certain firms are working on these principles, with great success for themselves, their employees, and the community.

If these ideas were applied to the dock labour question many of the difficulties now being experienced would disappear. Applied to the coal-mining and other industries they would change industrial hell, not, perhaps, into industrial heaven, but at any rate into an organised industrial community where men could remain healthy, happy, and socially useful.

Help To Run Your Town

You have a big part to play in making your home-town the best in the country. Local Elections take place on November 1. ROBERT MORLEY tells you how to make the most of your vote

"To women will fall the privilege of saying, 'Let the slums give place to green belts, foul streets to clean.'" Women visit town planning exhibitions, but how many realise that they can help to achieve the plans which they admire?

ARE YOU SATISFIED with your town? Does it offer the amenities you have a right to expect? Is it run as efficiently as you could wish?

If your answer to all these questions is "No," then it is time you started thinking of doing something about it. It is no use grumbling and taking no action. Citizens get the kind of town they deserve.

It is true that there have been no local council elections for the past six years, but your opportunity is coming. On November 1 they are to be held again.

Twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs, eighty-three county boroughs and three-hundred and nine non-county boroughs will receive a blood transfusion. The people of Britain ought to see that it is well and truly given.

Some boroughs certainly need new blood, for, since 1939, vacancies have been filled by the "nod and wink" method. Old members, many of whom have sat for nine years without submitting themselves to the vote, have chosen the new ones.

You ought to pause and consider the immense power which local authorities wield. In England and Wales they spent £693,000,000 in 1940-41—twice as much as the national income-tax yield before the war.

Mandate for Millions

If you happen to live in a great city your November vote will be a mandate to spend more millions a year than the annual budgets of Chile, Bulgaria, Finland or Mexico.

If you live in a small town your financial responsibility will be less, but that is no reason why you should not get your money's worth.

In fact, as Sir Ernest Simon has said, the services you buy mean the difference between savagery and civilisation.

Local problems of health and amenities, of educational facilities, street maintenance, lighting and cleaning, of parks, baths and libraries are all in the balance. A good council will provide the best; a bad council will botch the job. So see that you get a good council!

Many people, indeed millions, who never voted before in a council election will have the right to do so this November. But a high proportion will still be away in the Services and those newly demobilised may find themselves out of touch with local affairs. They should ask their womenfolk for the low-down about the high-ups over the past six years.

The women's vote was important before the war. Now it can be all powerful—if only they will use it.

The poll in a municipal election has usually been less than 40 per cent. of the electorate. That means that two out of three voters have been too lazy to go to the nearest school to record their votes.

There is not the glamour or excitement of a Parliamentary election. And the average citizen is woefully ignorant and uninformed as to the ways in which his local council's work affects him and his family all day and every day.

Don't be blind. Don't be lazy. Don't make the mistake of thinking of your town as an impersonal thing. Towns grow up round *people*. The Romans knew. "Men, not walls, make the city," they used to say. Well, men and women — especially women — can make urban England whatever it is going to be.

Women's votes will decide our children's standards of health, the duration and quality of their education. Women's votes will be the bond for the security of our homes against the thief who walks by night. Women's votes will be the guarantee of beauty and utility for our houses, for the removal of road perils, for the welfare of our older and poorer neighbours.

The Women Decide

Women can determine the efficiency of our transport, gas, electricity and water services. To women will fall the privilege of saying: "Let slums give place to green belts, foul streets to clean, a polluted atmosphere to a smokeless sky."

But much more is needed than the marking of a ballot paper. To vote is not to govern. Intelligent men and women are needed to run the local government machine, to study problems, draw the right conclusions, and enforce action.

There is need for planning and planners. London, Coventry, Hull, Plymouth, Manchester, Middlesbrough and other towns have plans ready.

Has *your* town a plan?

Why not help to make one? Too many councillors come from the ranks of the leisured. This is understandable among men who cannot leave their work to manage town affairs.

With women it is different. It was Lady Winterton who pointed out that local government offers part-time work into which women can fit easily.

"How many times," she asked in a letter to the Press, "do we see a male architect put the kitchen stove where it is impossible to cook, the sink where the pipes will freeze, an empty space under the roof which could be used for drying linen, but has no proper access to it?"

Plenty of Scope

Yes; there is plenty of scope for women. They wield the power. They have only to use it.

The first woman mayor of Oxford was the 819th holder of that office. Has your town ever had a woman mayor?

More than a tenth of the members of the Manchester City Council are women. What's the proportion in your town?

There are many women who, before the war, had local government votes and didn't use them. There are many to whom November will bring their first municipal vote.

Both probably voted in the Parliamentary elections, hoping for a better Britain. A better town is equally important.

Westminster is not the only place where social blueprints are drawn. Go to your polling station on November 1 and demand a new city or town, sanely planned, soundly built, equipped for health, good to look at, good to live in.

Only in this way can you make sure that the national policies for which you voted in July are not strangled by the weeds of local inertia and sloth.

JOAD'S BOLD PLAN FOR EDUCATION

There are two ladders of education to-day, says Professor Joad, one for the privileged, the other for the unprivileged. To-morrow's citizens must advance together up one ladder. VINCENT BROME discusses Joad's new plan

STRIP AWAY THE SHOWMAN in Joad, forget the precise voice and the irritating tricks of speech, and you still leave a very considerable person who has assets which would mark him out in any company.

One of these assets is zest. It matters not whether he is writing of Plato or potash, he still manages to tackle it with gusto.

His latest book, *About Education* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), is marked by just that quality. "This distasteful subject," as he heads one chapter, comes alive under his pen. If you cannot always agree with what he says, there is no escaping the bubble and vitality of the book.

Joad has a bold plan for British education. He wants its two ladders converted into one. There is the ladder of the privileged which begins with the nursery governess and goes through the preparatory school to the public school. There is also the ladder of the unprivileged, which largely consists of one rung, the elementary school.

Money Not Available

There are, of course, ghost steps on the second ladder for anyone with wit and intelligence. But, unlike the first ladder, you cannot buy your way up—for the simple reason that the money isn't available.

"These," says Joad, "should disappear and one ladder should take their place; its rungs are—nursery school at four or five, primary school at seven, secondary school at eleven. At sixteen an examination supplemented by interviews and reports on school record. As a result of the examination a transfer."

This transfer would take one group of students into a public school and from there to a university at nineteen. A second group would go into a Young People's College for full- or part-time education until eighteen or nineteen. Joad recommends that those in the latter group should take up part-time employment at sixteen and full-time employment at nineteen.

A Special Rung

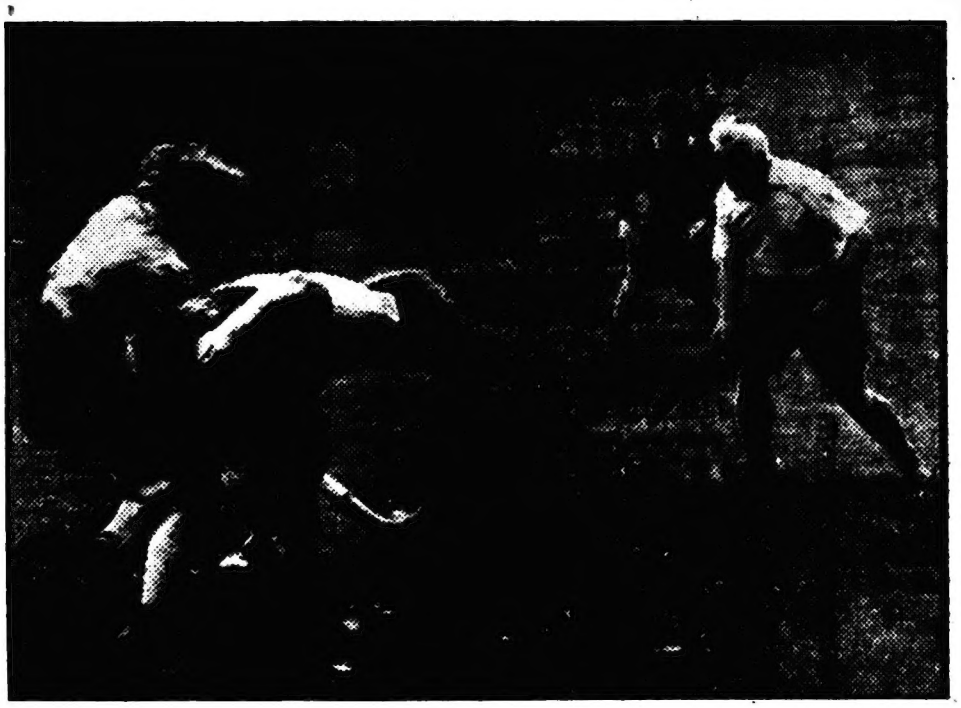
Somewhere between the ages of seventeen and eighteen he wants a special rung inserted in the ladder. This would give every boy six months or a year of open-air life. The programme would include camping, swimming, riding, agriculture, and *shooting*.

The last is a bit difficult to swallow. Conscription, surely, will take care of all the shooting that we want young men to do. The gun doesn't belong to education. In any case, coming from Joad, the suggestion has an odd ring.

Taken by and large, Joad's plan is good. Moreover, he has set down in a few vigorous pages a far more spacious and inspired plan than the White Paper on Education.

But who is going to pay for all this? How can Jones and Smith and all the rest afford to keep a boy at school until nineteen?

Joad has the answer all ready. "Up this single ladder," he says, "all children should proceed, irrespective of the social and economic position of their parents. Their fees should be paid by the State and grants should be given to parents according to their need."



Professor Joad plays hockey with the younger generation. He believes that between the ages of sixteen and seventeen every boy should have six months or a year of open-air life for sports, camping and agriculture

Joad sweeps on from pupils to teachers. Here again his plans are bold. He describes the difficulties of a large number of schoolmasters in educating their own children on a salary which never took real education into account.

"So poor, indeed, are the teachers, who for the most part have married and are bringing up a family of children, which they strain every financial nerve to send to secondary schools, that they cannot afford drinks, or dinners out, cannot even afford theatres and cinemas, or can afford them rarely."

This is the final irony. A schoolmaster poverty-stricken through educating his own children!

Double Salaries

Joad enters the lists on this score with another large-handed solution. Double all schoolmasters' salaries at one stroke, he says.

There are moments in this book when Joad's own eloquence tends to overwhelm his better judgment, and this is one of them. Of course, big increases in teachers' salaries are badly needed throughout the country. Considering the importance of their job, they are grossly underpaid.

There is, however, a wide difference between *increasing* a salary and *doubling* it. A 50 per cent. increase would change the lives of the teachers at once, and attract quite a different type of recruit for the profession. For if it is vital to change the educational system it is just as vital to get new blood among the teachers, too.

Knighthoods for Teachers

As for the training of teachers, Joad believes that they should all go to University or Civic College for at least three years. All teachers should hold degrees. This is already compulsory for men teachers in Scotland.

Meanwhile, why not distribute a few knighthoods among teachers, and put some letters after their names, asks Joad. Sir Jack Jones, for distinguished service in the Workers' Educational Association. Once again the idea is original and it might stimulate the whole teaching profession. Their services have never been marked out for public honour before.

For the rest, here is a book which will interest teacher and layman alike. It makes the facts about education entertaining. It has an infectious vitality. But there is no mistaking the importance of what it has to say.

THAT MAN JOAD

POPULAR as a Brains-Truster, respected as a thinker, beloved as a wit, Professor C. E. M. Joad has a place all his own in our national life.

He was to have stood as a Labour candidate in the General Election, but couldn't find a constituency near enough to his home. "I didn't just want to dwindle into an M.P.," he said. "I wanted to be near my own work."

Joad was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, and Balliol College, Oxford. He joined the Civil Service. In 1930 he retired and became Head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology, Birkbeck College, University of London.

He has his say on most topics. Sometimes it is about seaside boarding-houses, or maybe it's the Atom Bomb. The latter discovery he described as "the greatest single disaster in history."

Author of a monumental list of books, Joad spends his diminishing leisure time playing chess or bridge. He is fond of hockey, tennis, riding. He confesses to spending one night in jail for breaking a window during the suffragette demonstrations.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Sisters Under the Skin

"WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT, Lil. We've been to the Odeon and we've been to the Regal, and we've been to a dance this week. Seems we've done everything."

"I know, Vi—let's just go for a walk. Make a nice change. Besides, you never know who we might meet."

"O.K., Lil. Heard from your Bill lately?"

"Nope. Too busy in Germany with his pieces of frat, I suppose."

"Oh, he wouldn't do that, Lil."

"Not much he wouldn't. Say, did you read in the papers what that M.P., Norman Dodds, said when he came back from Germany?"

"No, what?"

"He said that most of our soldiers say the German girls have qualities British girls haven't."

"Oh. What have they got that we haven't?"

"Nothing, take it from me. But they've got it there."

"Oh!"

"HE SAID the German girls are less sophisticated."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you don't use lipstick and you let your hair stay mousey-looking. Fat lot of use Bill would have for me if I was unsophisticated."

"I don't suppose my Tom would like me much if he'd ever had a chance to see me when I woke up."

"This Dodds man said that German girls are less independent and less worldly."

"Like Irma Greese, I shouldn't wonder."

"Besides, these frauleins can't be independent. Catch me being independent with cigarettes at a quid for twenty."

"Anyone would get unworldly if they had nothing but potatoes and turnip soup to eat."

"And any conversation would go a bit funny if neither could understand what the other was saying."

"They have to talk in gestures, like deaf and dumb."

"They're not so dumb. I reckon fratting's easy in sign language. Actions speak louder than words."

"Well, there's going to be a row if I hear my Tom's been out with these frauleins."

"And Bill. I'll talk sign language to him when he gets back. I'll knock his block off."

"DON'T LOOK NOW, but there's a Yank following us."

"Hiya, honey! Where you bin all my life?"

"Come on, Vi. Walk on—only not too fast."

"Hey, are you two jet-propelled, or somep'n?"

"Well, we don't generally talk to strange men."

"You gotta start sometime. C'm on, we'll take a walk."

"I don't think we ought, do you, Lil?"

"Well, we might go a little way."

"Say, I'll call up a pal of mine and let's all four of us go and have a drink."

"Oh, no, I don't think we ought to drink, do you, Lil?"

"No, I—well, perhaps we might try just one gin and lime."

"O.K., sister, it's a date. Wait'll I 'phone my pal. Y'know, what I like about you English girls is you don't rush off with any guy you meet. You're kinda unsophisticated, unworldly."

Free Speech

"They'll Look After You in England"

Town council stop pensioner's shop. Whitehall's mysterious language. Reduced football prices for disabled. "No change" bus passengers. Recreation clubs for not-so-youthful

JUST BEFORE SINGAPORE FELL I was evacuated and carried away what I could of my home in a single suitcase. My husband stayed behind. "Get to England somehow," he said, "they'll look after you there."

When I reached this country, I found a home and applied for only one thing—a kettle. I was refused.

In June this year I heard that my husband had died. On the Siam railway, they said, but I believe he was murdered.

I decided to return to Southend—my native town—and make a home for myself. At first I had a place where I had to supply my own bedding. That was only reasonable after five years of war. I applied for bedclothes and was refused.

Now, with a flat of my own, I have asked for furniture units. They have been refused. I must sleep on the floor, with no lino, no sheets, without a table or a chair.

I am convinced my husband died a terrible death for his country. "They'll look after you there," he said.—EDITH SOTHERN, Southend-on-Sea.

Hammer-smith Leads

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE rowing chiefs have decided that the Putney-Mortlake race cannot be held this year because their crews cannot develop the necessary stamina on the present rations.

My husband, who wields a sledge-hammer for several hours every day, has to keep up his stamina on 1s. 2d. worth of meat.—MRS. J. D. WEBSTER, East Ham, E.

Pensioner's Permit

THE WAR HAS LEFT ME 100 per cent. disabled. The Board of Trade granted me a licence to open a cigarette and tobacco kiosk on Wigan's busiest 'bus station so that I could add a bit to my pension.

The wholesalers offered me supplies and every possible help. The Resettlement Board was ready to give me some money to start. But Wigan's Town Council has refused me permission to put up the kiosk.—J. MACDONALD, 68, Albert Street, Newtown, Wigan, Lancs.

Jargon : The Reason

MY CHIEF in a Government Department wanted to send out an instruction, in general terms, to contractors throughout the country. He submitted it in draft to other Departments to see that it did not cut across anything they were doing.

Each Department added a phrase, and when the draft came back my chief asked me what it was all about. I explained it was his own rough draft "made safe." This should explain some of the mysterious and incomprehensible letters sent out by Whitehall.—MRS. T. T., Aldershot, Hants.

Russia and Us

YOUR ARTICLE, "What Is Russia Up To?" (JOHN BULL, October 20) hit the nail on the head. It seems to me that the basic trouble in all our post-war international relations is mutual distrust.

Russia doesn't trust us. We don't trust Russia. America shares this distrust—why else does she refuse to release the atomic bomb secrets?

Can't the nations "come clean"? Can't they for once be outspoken and say what they expect in clear, unambiguous terms? Then they could sit down and thrash out their differences without this constant fear, which they seem to have at present, that they will be taken advantage of.—I. C., Pinner, Middlesex.

Good Word for Japs

A LOT OF SCORN is being poured on the Japanese nowadays. I have lived among them. There are two classes—the military fanatics, who are as bad as the Hitler Youth in Germany, and the humble workers, who were always most friendly to Britons.

This is my personal experience of people of whom I have many pleasant memories.—CAPT. H. VAL JACKSON (late Japanese interpreter), 7, Derby Road, Nottingham.

Shoe-Shine Boys

WHEN WE GO ON LEAVE TO CAIRO we are met by a crowd of shoe-shine boys who persist in cleaning our boots, whether we want them cleaned or not. If we say "No," they threaten to daub the cleaning stuff over our clothes.

If we hit them we are liable to a fine of £5 imposed by the Egyptian authorities. A lot of us feel it would be £5 well spent.—SAPPER J. M., Royal Engineers, M.E.F. (Address enclosed.)

Cheaper Soccer for Disabled

THERE MUST BE many thousands of disabled ex-Servicemen who have not lost their interest in football although they can never play again. Unfortunately, many of them cannot stand to watch a game for ninety minutes.

I suggest that it would be a nice gesture if the big clubs allowed men wearing the King's Badge to go into the stands at reduced prices.—A. BYWATER, 218, Brunswick Street, Nelson, Lancs.

From Jail to Coventry

I HAVE JUST BEEN RELEASED from prison after serving a short sentence. It was the first time, and I hope it will be the last. Now I am shunned by employers. As soon as I tell them the truth, they will not give me work.

I am not used to heavy work, but have had to take a job where they don't ask questions. Some of my friends refuse to recognise me when I pass them in the street.

I am fifty-three, and am wondering whether I should go and make a fresh start somewhere else, or stay on and let everyone see I'm going to make an honest living.—W., Margate, Kent. (Address enclosed.)

They've Got Their Child

MY WIFE AND I wish to thank you for publishing our letter in which we asked if anyone knew of a little girl whom we could adopt (JOHN BULL, September 8). We have had a lot of letters. If all goes well now we should have our little girl very soon.—Mr. and Mrs. FORREST, Wyn-Moor, Harecroft Road, Otley, Yorks.

Pity the Clippie

NO WONDER bus conductresses are getting that worn-out, overworked look. Recently I saw a woman offer a £1 note for a small fare and protest loudly that she had no change.

The conductress collected all the other fares and then gave the woman her ticket and change. When the passenger opened her bag to put the change in, the bus lurched and a whole lot of coppers and silver clattered over the floor.—M. L., Streatham Common, S.W.16.

Where the Leather Goes

YOU ARE DOING A NATIONAL SERVICE in publishing an article about the shortage of good quality and correct fitting shoes for children (JOHN BULL, September 29). Plant is now ready for these better shoes, but, while Service requirements get first preference, only limited supplies of nature-graded shapes will be available for children.—GEORGE S. PARKER (Parker Shoes, Ltd.), Bardolph Street, Leicester.

Back Seat for Dover

A YEAR AGO Dover was news. The town was still in danger and was banned to visitors. Now local residents feel bitterly that they have been forgotten again.

Visitors come to stare. They stay to buy up the soap and cigarettes and then make off with more curiosity than sympathy. Other towns have their shops nearly back to normal, but Dover has lagged behind. Are we, who were in the forefront of national defence, to degenerate into a war museum?—A. P., Dover, Kent.

GEN. SMUTS AS SEEN BY HOLL

WHO IS THE greatest statesman of our time? I don't think there is any doubt of the answer. Smuts. His long experience has given him high wisdom. Despite his age (75) he shows himself as resilient as any youngster. Above all, he has consistently preached the policy of world alliance and co-operation—the only hope of the future.—F. H. (aged nineteen), Brixham.

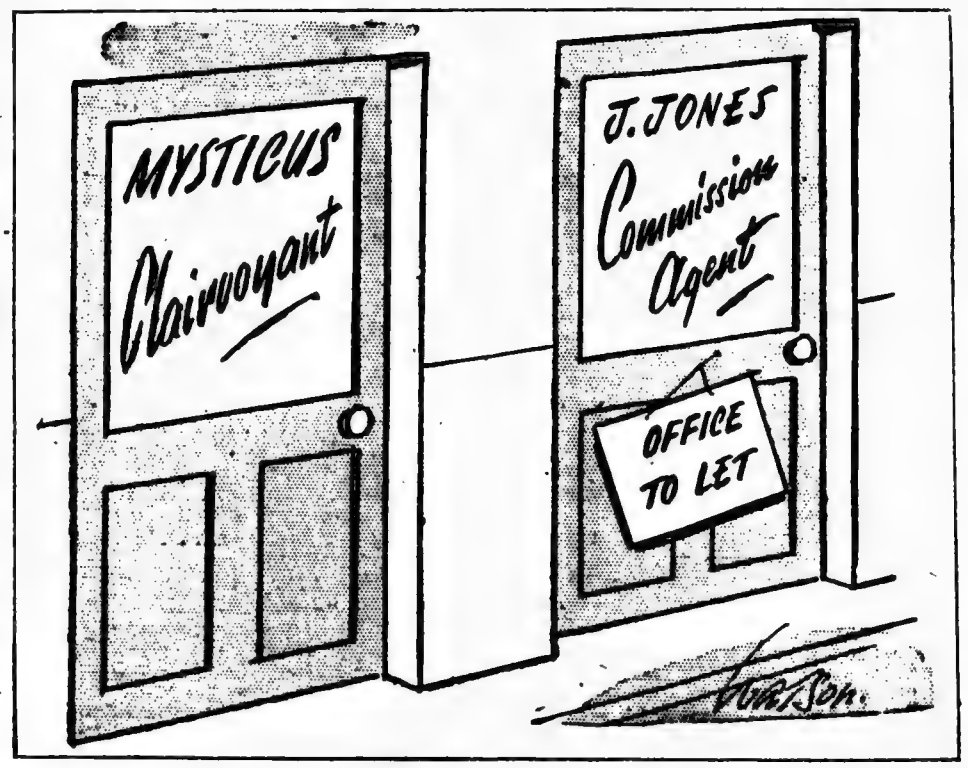
Out of the Frying-Pan

MY SON, who has been a prisoner-of-war for five years, is now in a camp in Wales. He writes to say that his billet is like a pig-sty. For three days a week there is no bread, and there are no amusements whatever. My boy was never a grouser.—G. R. H., North London. (Address enclosed.)

More Beer, More Coal

MORE BEER IS BEING DRUNK in Britain than ever before. But this should not mean that hard-working men are deprived of a drink when they want it.

Imagine the feelings of the miner, emerging from the pit, sweating, begrimed and thirsty, when he is told that the pub is closing through lack of supplies. When this matter is put right, coal production will increase. That's not opinion, but solid fact.—M. HOYLE (checker), 52, Arnold Street, Birkby, Huddersfield.



LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL Short Story

His son was an officer now. He'd seen life, mixed with important people. Would he be ashamed of his parents now that he was coming home? The question worried Harry as, anxiously, he waited

BACK HOME

By Michael Craig

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

OVER HIS GLASSES, he looked at her where she knelt vigorously polishing the already gleaming linoleum. Her grey hair, which she had combed and brushed so carefully half an hour ago, was falling in wisps again.

Her thin face looked hot and her brows were drawn together in concentration.

"Kate."

She gave him an upward look of surprise. Almost as if she had forgotten his existence.

"Take it easy, Kate," he said gently. "You're worrying yourself unnecessarily. Why don't you sit down like a good girl and have a rest? I'll make you a cup of tea."

"And dirty the cups again and have the place looking a mess?"

He went to her and raised her firmly to her feet.

"That's enough," he said sharply. "You'd think it was the King himself we were expecting and not our own son."

"Do you know, Harry, I wish he'd never got a commission. It was fine for him while the war was on, but now. . . ." He saw her eyes searching the small kitchen—trying to see it as her son would see it after three years.

"You don't think he'll want to leave home?" she said, finally.

There was nothing he could say that would reassure and quieten her.

A SQUADRON-LEADER at twenty-five. Funny, how, when he first joined the R.A.F. back in '39 they had teased him about becoming an officer.

But Kate was right about his letters. They had changed. Even his writing had become clearer and cleaner. His phrases quick and sharp and unfamiliar to his parents. And his interests were unfamiliar, too.

He had written to them of the things he was thinking, the books he was discovering, the knowledge he was acquiring.

Yes, Dick had grown away from them all right. But he'd been a good son, too. Regular as clockwork his letters arrived. To be sure they got briefer—but still they came, and with them was a money order.

"I'm making good money, son," Harry had written back. "You must need all you get. You keep your money. Your mother and I would sooner you had it."

But still the money had come. Sometimes that had hurt and irritated Harry. He would rather the boy had written to borrow some—it would have seemed more natural like that. . . .

"HE'S LATE." Kate was sitting with her hands folded tightly in her lap. "It's gone six. He said he'd be home by five. . . ."

"Maybe the train was late."

"Maybe he isn't coming."

Maybe at the last moment he'd realised there was nothing, nothing here for him. No. No, Dick wasn't like that. He was a good lad, no matter how far he'd jumped ahead of them.

He got up and went down the little passage and opened the front door. With a sort of surprise he saw Dick turn the corner of the street.

Harry half raised his arm in greeting. His mouth was already open to shout "Hello," when he stopped. He stepped back into the doorway and watched his son.

The tall, erect figure hesitated at the top of the road. He was looking curiously about him. Then he slowly walked on, pushing the peaked cap back on his blond head, looking up and around at the dingy windows and down at the salvage and rubbish bins that edged each door.

As he drew nearer his father saw how his feet no longer rang upon the pavement but seemed to drag. The thin, brown face of his son wore an almost comical look of disbelief and disgust.

Watching him, Harry's brief moment of anger against him died, and was replaced by a feeling of pity.

"Poor lad," he said under his breath. "Poor lad."

Abruptly he stepped out into the street and waved an arm in greeting.

The laggard feet quickened. There was no mistaking the warmth of Dick's hand in his, or the pleasure in his wide grin.

Kate came running out of the house and Dick turned and swept her into his arms.

"You're looking fine, mother." His quiet, cultured voice was a shock to both of them.

Kate stepped back. Her searching look was feverish and a little piteous. She shook her head. "You're changed, Dick."

He flushed, laughed, and shrugged. "Three years is three years, Mother."

It used to be "Mum."

"Come on in, lad," Harry cut across her. "Here, I'll take your bag."

In the small kitchen they stood, awkwardly. It's funny, thought Harry, he's our own flesh and blood, but . . . but it's like having a stranger in the place.

"Sit down, Dick, and let's have a glass of beer."

"I'll get supper ready," she said. "You and Dick have a talk. I've lots to do."

She put the fat in the pan on the stove and fetched the fish, in its newspaper covering, from the cupboard and started to clean it on the side of the table.

Her husband leaned across to her. "Couldn't you do that somewhere else?"

Her face scarlet, she stared at him. Hadn't he, and Dick for that matter, seen her clean fish there many a time?

Dick sipped his beer, fumbled for a cigarette, and said awkwardly, "Why bother at all, Mother. Let's all go out for something."

She pretended to laugh, but the tears stood bright and thick in her eyes.

"I don't think either me or your dad would fit into the sort of place you'd be wanting to take us." Suddenly she pulled her apron up over her face and ran from the room.

HARRY MADE a half gesture to rise and follow her, but Dick's courteous voice stopped him.

"Perhaps—perhaps I'd better push off, Dad. Come back later. . . ."

The suggestion was put quietly enough but there was a certain desperation in the boy's dark eyes that gave Harry a dead feeling in the pit of his stomach.

If he goes now, he thought, he'll never come back. He'll be lost to us—and maybe to himself. . . .

"No, Dick. It's nothing. Just that your mother is naturally upset, not having seen you for a long time. It's a bit of a shock, like. . . ."

Suddenly she pulled her apron up over her face and ran from the room

"A bit of a shock," Dick repeated. He looked miserably at Harry; he shook his head. "It isn't that. I know what's the matter. I don't fit in any more. It's not my fault. I didn't want it to be like this. I wanted to be able to come back to you and go on as before. . . ."

"Don't talk foolish, Dick."

"I knew you wouldn't understand," his son said bitterly. "This," his gesture swept the small kitchen, "and your job, the money you make—seems good and right to you. It's all you know. You're content to go on . . ." he shoved his chair back roughly and stood up. "By God! I'm not content to pig along the rest of my life. Working down at the garage, lying on my back under other people's cars, covered with sweat and dirt, thankful for a few pounds a week and tips. Why should I have to go back to it? Why should I?"

"YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT, you've changed, lad." Harry sighed. "There's going to be hundreds of youngsters with your problem. War will have made them too big for their civvy shoes. But a man can't travel far without shoes. Maybe they'll pinch and they'll hurt, but one way or another you'll have to get them on and break them in and wear them until you can afford yourself a better pair. And that last will be up to you—and you alone."

"You know," Harry went on hesitatingly, "you're being mighty cheap, mighty stupid. . . . You're sitting back feeling the world owes you a living. The world owes you jam on your bread for the rest of your life. How would you like to have your own business?"

"My own business. . . ." Dick laughed. "With what?"

"With your own money," Harry coughed uneasily and fumbled for his pipe. "I've got over two hundred pounds in Saving Certificates and I've saved every penny you sent us besides. Old Mr. Grayson, down on the garage, is retiring and selling the business. He's had plenty of offers, but . . . he's going to take yours."

He filled his pipe with a clumsy thumb and forefinger.

"You'd be your own master. You could wear a clean collar every day and never dirty your hands. And you wouldn't have to live here with us. You could get a nice room in the town. We understand how you feel about this house and street . . . after . . . . well, after being away from it."

"YOU DESPISE ME and yet you'd give me your savings. Why?"

"You're my son."

"And if I lost them."

Harry shrugged.

"What do you mean?" his son shouted. "You think I will?"

"It seems to me, Dick, there's an old North Country saying that suits you—'You want all for nothing.' That won't take you very far."

"Damn you, I don't want anything from anybody."

"Well," Harry grinned, "in that case, lad, I don't know what all this fuss is about. If you want a job you'll get one, and if you want to better yourself—why, you'll do it. . . ."

"Without your savings. . . ." Dick turned and leaned on the mantelpiece.

Harry took his pipe out of his mouth and smoothed it along his rough palm.

Suddenly Dick looked at him. "Where's the stuffed bird that always stood here on the mantelpiece?"

Harry stared in astonishment at his son.

"Stuffed bird!"

"Yes, it used to stand here. When I was a kid I discovered how you could get the stuffing out. Once I did, and it looked dam silly with its great shining beak and its body all deflated. . . . I should have thought, Dad, you understood about taking the stuffing out. . . ."

Stupidly Harry gazed back at him, and as his son crossed the kitchen and closed the door behind him, Harry slowly shook his head and then he grinned. From the narrow passage he could hear Dick's warm, laughing voice.

"Mum! Mum! Where are you? Aren't we ever going to have any supper?"

Whitehall Must Liberate "Occupied" Britain

Something like 350,000 premises and 1,426,000 acres of Britain were requisitioned by the three Services during the war. Now we need these buildings to live in, and the land for more homes and food. WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, shows that people are enduring hardship because of Whitehall's policy

In peace-time this was a thriving hotel on the sea-front of a South Coast holiday resort. For years now it has echoed to army boots and seen hundreds of soldiers queue up with their dinner plates for meals

WHITEHALL SEEMS TO HAVE dug itself in. Its war departments have hoisted the banner "No Retreat." They will not surrender to civilians the territory they have "occupied."

During the war, the War Office alone requisitioned over 160,000 buildings. The Admiralty took over 13,000 premises of different kinds.

Some 62,000 properties were requisitioned by the Air Ministry, many more thousands by the Ministry of Works and other departments. The grand total is something like 350,000 premises.

Then turn to land. The Admiralty took over 26,000 acres during the war, the War Office just on a million acres and the Air Ministry nearly 400,000 acres.

In fairness to the various authorities, these buildings cannot all be put in order and returned to their owners in a matter of weeks. But there is no justification for the slow policy, now being generally followed, which has in many cases resulted in people being completely deprived of their livelihoods since 1939.

Empty and Damaged

Take Bournemouth, for instance. This famous seaside resort has been a Whitehall, an Army barracks, from the beginning of the war.

Although a few requisitioned properties have been returned, approximately 150 large hotels, with 7,000 bedrooms, are still affected.

Many of them are quite empty, surrounded by weeds and undergrowth. A number have been badly damaged through neglect or destructiveness.

Alderman Harry C. Brown, Mayor of Bournemouth, recently led a deputation to Whitehall to try to get derequisitioning speeded up. But nothing has happened so far and officials still fail to show any sense of urgency.

Not only are the owners of premises unable to reopen their establishments in Bournemouth, but warehousemen have their warehouses filled to overflowing with their goods and furniture.

One member of the Bournemouth Corporation to whom I talked said, "We know of many empty places which, if derequisitioned, could help to ease the situation. Recently we asked for the release of one property that had been empty for twelve months. It could have been made fit for occupation in a very short time. The only reply we got was a curt note saying that it could not be released." There was no word of explanation, no excuse or apology. Just "No."

Having visited Bournemouth, I can fully appreciate the indignation of owners who, with hotels and boarding-houses empty and deserted in the best positions on or near the sea-front, could have begun to recoup their war-time losses had their premises been given back.

Speculators Cash In

In some towns speculators who have managed to buy unrequisitioned hotels and houses at preposterous prices have cashed-in on this situation. Newcomers have been coining money by charging the most exorbitant fees for rooms small in size and often poorly furnished.

Just how great is the demand for properties of this kind in one town is illustrated by the fact that, in five months since VE-Day, one local firm of estate agents has sold a hundred small hotels and boarding-houses for a total of £465,000.

Many of these newly acquired premises are already crowded with visitors to the detriment of those who, owing to Government apathy, have to sit idly by with their own requisitioned properties lying unused.

There is another aspect of this problem, too. Sellers of properties that were not requisitioned have, in many instances, made small fortunes out of buying and selling.

The experience of one dealer in Bournemouth is an example.

He negotiated to buy a moderately sized hotel that was put into the market just after VE-Day. It was worth £11,000 before the war. The sellers wanted £25,000 for it. He agreed to pay this amount.

Then the vendor withdrew his offer. The reason? Another buyer had offered £35,000.

In many other popular holiday towns big hotels were similarly requisitioned by the Government.

Fifty Hotels Taken Over

Blackpool, with about fifty of its best and most paying peace-time hotels taken over, is still faced with the problem of having to find accommodation for annual conferences of all kinds.

Clacton hotel keepers and boarding-house keepers are in the same plight. While holidaymakers have had to sleep in huts or in tents erected on the sands, many properties there are still requisitioned, although long since vacated.

In some towns, too, large buildings are tenanted by only token staffs. They appear to have very little to do.

One hotel which I visited has four storeys. The ground floor is occupied by Government servants, and one or two rooms on the top floor have a few people in them. But the three middle floors are quite empty except for the storage of desks and furniture no longer needed because the staff has been disbanded.

Other properties are merely storage places for discarded equipment. Surely the Ministry of Works can find more suitable warehouses so that the tenants can get back again?

Large areas of land have also been requisitioned by the Government and, although thousands of evacuated people are still waiting to get back to their homes there, they cannot do so because Government departments hold that they are essential as training centres. The War Office is mostly to blame for this.

"Danger" Notices

In several places only a sprinkling of Servicemen are there to use the firing-ranges, yet the War Office refuses to give them up. "Danger" notices are still to be found in places that have for months seen practically no military training.

A good example of this is the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorset. A large area there has been requisitioned since the early days of the war. Although numerous deputations have waited on War Office chiefs, this district would seem to be permanently "occupied."

The War Office says that it will be at least eighteen months before it can be cleared of unexploded mines. But large numbers of troops are walking about there every day, with "You Have Been Warned" notices confronting them at different points. Ordinary visitors, on the other hand, are compelled to walk miles out of their way owing to the continued military occupation.

In various parts of the country thousands of ordinary houses, quite apart from hotels and other catering establishments, are also affected by requisitioning.

In the London borough of Wandsworth there are 14,000 families who badly need rehousing. Yet over 200 large buildings are still on the Government's requisition lists. The majority of them are in the hands of the War Office.

Mr. J. J. Lawson, the Secretary of State for War, would be doing a fine job if he collaborated with the Admiralty and Air Ministry to find a speedy solution to this grave problem.

THESE SPORTS WILL BRING NEW THRILLS

BRITAIN IS READY for a big boom in sport. Games that have never before found the sporting spotlights are going to be "put over" in a big way. If they are successful, tens of thousands may get new thrills.

The people behind the plans are those who introduced greyhound racing, speedway racing and ice hockey. Bringing new forms of sport to Britain is something of a gamble. Sports fans are apt to be conservative. But promoters believe that if the British public could learn the finer points of greyhound racing and ice hockey in a few months they will quickly take to other fast-moving, spectacular sports that can be played indoors. Weather and darkness have now lost their sting.

Chief sport to be "promoted" is basketball, reputed the fastest ball game in the world. In the U.S.A., basketball draws more spectators than baseball, football or even racing. In 1939, 80,000,000 people paid to see games.

Basketball's great appeal is speed. Two points are awarded for shooting the ball through the basket 10 ft. above the court; one point, if it is a penalty goal. When you get scores like 80-50 in two twenty-minute halves it means plenty of action and thrills. The game requires no more space than a tennis court and in a big hall three to ten thousand spectators can get a perfect view.

Rules are simple to learn. In the United States basketball developed from a school game into a major sport with 60,000 teams in five years. The game is not new to Britain. The Amateur Basket Ball Association had 5,000 players and 300 clubs before the war. But American Service teams have set new standards during the war. As with all games, the real thrill for spectators comes when the players are experts. American players will be brought over to put the game on its feet as a spectacle.

ANOTHER GAME it is planned to "put over" is badminton. It has never had the following of lawn tennis. But it is believed that by putting on games by first-class players at Harringay, London, and other arenas, a following can be built up.

Tennis as a popular spectacle dates largely from World War One. Badminton is equally spectacular, with the advantage of a smaller court. It is also suitable for playing indoors.

Other games to be popularised are billiards and snooker. The capacity of halls has never equalled the number of would-be spectators.

There is talk of other "build ups" such as roller-skating races on open-air tracks.

Whether these sports "catch on," even with first-class promotion and lavish publicity, remains to be seen. The British sporting public knows what it wants and stays away from any sport lacking genuine competition.

Against the success of greyhound racing, speedway racing and ice hockey, must be placed the comparative failure of the six-day cycle races, "all-in" wrestling and such occasional spectacles as the rodeo.

Professional lawn tennis suffered from the handicap of too few players. The same stars played one another continuously. Rightly or wrongly, when this happens in any sport the fans are liable to think there is not genuine competition. The failure of a champion is apt to be cynically called a "publicity stunt."

That is one of the reasons for the fade-out of all-in wrestling.

British sport fans will be on the look-out for this new bill of sporting fare, and it will be up to them to decide whether these games are accepted as spectacular contributions to our national sport.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

First Cash, First Prize!

RESUMING his hobby of *Bullets* a few months ago, 29-year-old research worker W. Payne worked steadily away at turning his thoughts into neat phrases. But cash prizes seemed elusive.

Then, one recent Friday, came his thrilling reward—a telegram from *John Bull* to 16, Gladsmuir Road, Highgate, announced him £200 First Prize-winner (Contest 1,496) with this effort: Let's Be Thankful — *World's* Opportunity Knocking *Twice!*

If you would welcome £250 for one of your thoughts, your opportunity knocks in *Bullets*. Seize it in this week's long list of Cash and Christmas Prizes value over £500. Your coupon is waiting below.

RESULT No. 1,498—FIRST PRIZE £200 & CELEBRATION WEEK-END

M. GASCOIGNE, "MOUNTAIN ASH," ADDLESTONE, SURREY.
WISE PARSON ASKS NEED, NOT CREED.

£20 plus Souvenir Pen:
Miss Levett, Chevening Road, Sevenoaks.
Attlee And Co.—Masses Confront—Masses Behind.
£10 plus Souvenir Pen:
V. Kernan, 75, Firgrove Road, Freemantle, Southampton.
All Day Long—Next War Might Last!
5 of £5:
F. Bailey, 98, Highfield Rd. Sth., Dartford.
No Good To Britannia—Seven Seas, Six Ships!
D. Bennett, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
With Bureaucracy's Approval—We Sniff Freedom's "Feast"!
Spr. A. Griffiths, c/o 15, Hampton Row, Bathwick, Bath.
Home For Tommy — Then We've "Travelled Far."
E. C. Reed, 23, Hazelmere Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Perfect Understanding — All Speaking *Humanity's* "Language."
J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Frightening — Scientists' "Strides"? Statesmen's "Shuffling"!
5 of £4:
R. S. Brown, Cowley Manor, Cowley Lane, Chapeltown, Sheffield.
On The Bus—Nearly, Till First Bend!
L. Jackson, 31, St. Margaret's Avenue, Westhill, Torquay.
Wise Parson—Talks Cabbages—"Sows Seed."
Mrs. E. Moseley, 48, Eversfield Road, Horsham.
Saved Headpack—"Talking To," Listening!
T. Samson, 11, Chirton Green, North Shields.
Frightening — Shopkeeper, Seeing Gunsmith's Queue!
G. Whitebread, 2, Chalkpit Cottages, Cotton Lane, Stone, Greenhithe.
She Loves Children, But—Hates War—And Questionnaires!

A list of 50 winners of 10s. and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

TWO BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 450.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Faded. 2. Flow. 3. Bread. 4. Medals. 5. Mill. 6. Bob. 7. Lot. 8. Mean. 9. Rain. 10. Wire. 11. Cats. 12. Mag. 13. Window. 14. Patter. **£100 SHARERS:** Miss E. Cumming, 37, Newcroft Drive, Glasgow; E. Day, 15, Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 11 entrants.

XMAS PRIZES
Value over £500

£250 Big Cash First and Xmas Dinner Award

£25, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2.10s. —all plus Xmas Dinner Award

100 Xmas Cakes, 1,500 Merit Awards

Full prize-list, Competition news, winning hints and other helpful features await you in BULLETS BULLETIN. For issue dated November 17, including £50 Free Offer, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with this week's entry.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

SICK WORLD
LABOUR'S TASK
WHEELS OF INDUSTRY
THE PEACEMAKERS
THIS WINTER
INTERNATIONAL WALLS
RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY
STRIKE FEVER
DEMOBBED
JUST RUBBISH
IT'S A SECRET, BUT
MADE WIFEY MAD
COLD AND HUNGRY
ALL AGOG
HAVE PATIENCE AND
BROKE DOWN
LIKE HEAVEN
OUR PUP
GETTING ANXIOUS
IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

FRUITS OF.....
BESIDE THE.....
HELPED US.....
AMERICA'S.....
KEPT.....
LEFT ..... SPEECHLESS

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 24, and Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,502, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....
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"BULLETS" No. 1,502
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Nov. 5.

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For £50 "BULLETIN" (NOV. 17), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

WHEN "MR. CHAIRMAN" IS A WOMAN

Rent liability of soldier's wife. The squirrel type of mind. How to retire Release of conscientious objectors. Visits to Channel Islands

"I HAVE BEEN ASKED to propose a vote of thanks to a lecturer at our local literary society. It is a simple matter, and I have often done it before.

"But this time there is a point that puzzles me. The chair is to be taken by a lady and I don't know how to address her. It would sound wrong to start off with the customary, '*Mr. Chairman*, ladies and gentlemen.' Can I say '*Mrs. Chairman*'? Or is she '*Mrs. Chairwoman*'? Or what?"

Here are the possible alternatives: Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Chairwoman, Madame Chairman, Madame Chair. The first two might cause a chuckle, but they are the most sensible. If you disarm laughter by a smile as you speak I don't think there will be any embarrassment.

I myself would go straight for "*Mr. Chairman.*" The lady will be doing what was in former times only a man's job, and you are addressing her more as a figurehead than as a person.

However, as you will be speaking after other people, you will be able to hear how they address the chair and can follow their lead.

"I AM THE WIFE of a soldier who is expecting to be demobilised soon. At present I am living with my parents, but the house is rented in my name. I have now rented another house for my husband and myself. Is my father responsible for the house I am leaving?"

So long as your name is on the rent book of both houses you will be expected to pay for both. The landlord may be willing to accept your father as tenant. If not, he would get possession against your father if you gave notice to terminate the tenancy. You would be well advised to consult a solicitor.

"I AM A JOINER by trade and enjoy the practical side of the work. But I cannot get up any enthusiasm for the theoretical side. Without that, however, it is impossible to get very far.

"I know that I have a good brain and want to profit by it. I have a wide range of interests and have done many different jobs and have travelled all over the world as a ship's steward.

"I want to get on to some job for which I have a natural flair before it is too late. Would you advise me to consult a psychologist? Can the results be guaranteed?"

To answer your last question first, the results cannot be guaranteed. An industrial psychologist might give you tests and say what kind of job you are best fitted for. A general psychologist might discover why you have difficulty in studying the theory underlying your work. But it does not follow that you would be a different man afterwards.

It may be that you have the squirrel type of mind—very active but always jumping from subject to subject.

I recommend you to read the Ministry of Education Pamphlet No. 4, entitled *Building Crafts*. This deals with part-time training in scores of practical subjects in

your own line, such as masonry, plastering, carpentry and joinery, painting and decorating, plumbing, slating and tiling, mastic asphalt work, and so on. It also deals with the science and mathematics involved.

The pamphlet is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 6d. Any bookseller should be able to obtain a copy for you.

"RECENTLY I took the first holiday I have had since before the war. I knew I had earned it and looked forward to it with keen anticipation. I was very disappointed. It was grand to feel free at first, but later the days seemed unending and I went to bed early simply because I was bored.

"I live a busy life as a rule, and the sudden change to doing nothing left me at a loose end. My problem is really in the future—it won't be long now before I retire, and I am afraid I shall not know what to do with myself."

The most practical advice is that you should cultivate interests outside your daily work during the next few years. You will then be able to slide more easily from one kind of activity to another.

Gardening is a hobby which occupies the interest of many retired men. Many welfare organisations are pleased to have voluntary helpers, and by taking up such work you would be usefully employed and also have the advantage of meeting new people. Your church or a Y.M.C.A. would no doubt be able to advise you.

One man I know, when he retired, became absorbed in studying the history of his town and district. He used a bicycle to get from place to place, which gave him plenty of exercise, and soon became an authority on the area. He began to write articles for the local paper and is now planning a book. His time is more occupied than before he retired!

£100 Xword with Xmas Cakes

£100 FIRST—Other Awards value £25—Up to 100 Xmas Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. There's little doubt this increased motor accidents during war—F□G. 2. Many have seen their dreams and these blown sky-high—HO□ES. 3. It may be cheaper to provide for this when building cinema—□AFE. 4. Film producers can easily pay too much attention to these—FAC□S. 5. It's discouraging if keen student can't get this for his work—ME□AL. 6. Practised orator knows how to make effective use of—□ALL. 7. Arrival of such a man is likely to be welcome in emergency—DO□R. 8. Tyro chess-player's crafty move may possibly leave opponent—M□TE. 9. It's quite possible that schoolboy is ragged because he is—□OOR. 10. Don't throw it away just because it's knotted—WOO□. 11. Colouring may be really this—□ICE. 12. Wooden ones should fit properly—JOI□TS. 13. Quarry sometimes does, to baffle pursuers—F□ILS. 14. There may perhaps be more in this than meets the eye—TR□CK.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Nov. 17 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—**MONDAY, Nov. 5.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 454, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 450 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Contributory Pensions

T. Y., Manchester: You cannot qualify for a contributory old age pension because you were not continuously insured for five years immediately prior to reaching the age of sixty-five. Your insurance from July, 1912, to September, 1919, does not help you.

A claim to pension at the age of seventy will be governed by the means limit laid down in the Old Age Pensions Act, 1936. You will find full particulars in Leaflet O.A.P. 107, which you can get at any post office.

W. V., Ipswich: There is, as yet, no provision for releasing, before the end of the present emergency, conditionally registered conscientious objectors from the conditions imposed by Tribunals. The end of hostilities does not constitute the end of the emergency.

M. R., Wimbledon: Temporary private visits to the Channel Islands can only be authorised at present in compassionate cases of a most urgent character—for example, the *very serious* illness of a near relative. Application for a permit on this account must be made to the Channel Islands Department, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

J. D., Belfast: Your case is similar to many that have been brought to our notice. The reason for the delay in settlement is probably an accumulation of arrears of work in the office of the Inspector of Taxes concerned.

In recent weeks, however, most inspectors have begun to issue notices of assessment for 1944-45, in which credit for any over-deduction such as arose in your case is given.

When you receive your notice of assessment you will no doubt be asked whether you would like an immediate refund of the tax over-paid or whether you would prefer to have it carried forward to your credit.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

DRY SCALP can ruin your hair

Here's a Tonic Hair Dressing that *destroys* this enemy to healthy, handsome hair

One of the worst enemies of thick, healthy hair is Dry Scalp. It makes hair dull, lifeless, dry. Scurf and dandruff follow. Very soon you may begin to notice your hair is falling. What's to do?

The best way to avoid these dangers is to massage 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic gently into the scalp. A few drops are sufficient.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is tonic and dressing combined. If you want a healthy head of hair, and want to avoid Dry Scalp, be sure you use it regularly. It also keeps the hair smooth and tidy and always in place.

Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Price 2/7½ (including purchase tax).

The supplies of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic are not yet at pre-war level, so please be patient if you cannot always obtain it easily.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
BRAND
HAIR TONIC
ENDS DRY SCALP

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

P.S. Don't forget to use 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 6d. a packet (including purchase tax)

2670-13a

Susan's vitality is *amazing*

She puts such energy into her play and never seems to get tired. She's always so fit and happy.

Any mother would be proud of Susan's radiant good health and energy. Ever since she was quite a tiny tot any little stomach upsets have soon been corrected with 'California Syrup of Figs'.

When children are 'out of sorts' this natural laxative will regulate the system and put them right again.

'California Syrup of Figs'

INDIGESTION?

Here's how to treat it:
Two Rennies are all That's needed to beat it!

Indigestion is no joking matter—not to those who suffer from it. But why not do something about it? When that burning sensation starts, take two Rennies. They'll soon put you right.

Rennies are pleasant-tasting tablets, separately wrapped so you can carry them with you. You don't need any glass, water or spoon. You just suck them like sweets, one after the other. In record time, Digestif Rennies neutralise the excess acid in your stomach and leave you feeling as good as new.

If Rennies fail to shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES**
2S FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

A Wonderful Book Opportunity for "John Bull" Readers

Every Woman Must Have—

OVER **250** BRAND-NEW PATTERNS PHOTOGRAPHS & DIAGRAMS OF THINGS YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF!

Here is a further opportunity to secure a copy of this valuable **new** knitting book, **"MODERN KNITTING ILLUSTRATED,"** at a special privilege price. It contains over 250 brand-new patterns, diagrams and photographs, with easy-to-follow directions for making a wide range of winter garments for men, women and children. It is a book that saves money and coupons.

A special section deals with the care of knitted garments—repairs and renovations, etc.

Continued Restrictions mean limited supplies. You must complete and post the Order Label below NOW.

STANDARD EDITION bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully decorated on the cover, with title on spine. Send only **5s. 6d.**

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THIS BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE:

KNITTED JUMPER, MULTI-COLOURED BLOUSE, SPORTS JERSEY, CAMI-KNICKERS, TAILORED PANTIES, OUTSIZE JERSEY & CARDIGAN, THREE-WAY CAPE, STOCKING-CAP & GLOVES, TAILORED DRESS, FAIR ISLE SOCKS & GLOVES, CROCHET NECKWEAR, COLOURED SNOOD, MESH STOCKINGS, MAN'S SWEATER, STRIPED SPORTS SHIRT, MAN'S SOCKS, BABY'S DRESS & JACKET, BABY'S OUT-DOOR SET, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT, BOY'S VESTS & PANTS, GIRL'S VEST BODICE & KNICKERS, SUN-SUIT, VEST SWEATER, BATH MAT, ETC.

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STANDARD EDITION 5/6 **DE LUXE EDITION 6/6**

Strike out Edition not required.

J.F.2. 27/10/45. K.B.6.

WILL YOU DO A XMAS GOOD DEED?

Will you, as a Peace Thank-Offering, help the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1? If so, put a ring round the amount you will send, and a reminder will be posted to you in good time for Christmas. Your kind act will never be forgotten.

Send no money now.

2/6	5/-	10/-	£1

Write your name and address below in BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

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Enclose this coupon with the Form on the left. J.F.2. 27/10/45.

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. In packets of 10 for 7d., from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.

GEORGE **BELLS BLOOD SALTS** for Dogs
★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

Angular Chin?

Some chins are different—all the more reason for 'Easy'! The 'Easy' lather works up in a moment, stays moist. Every razor-blade likes 'Easy'. And you'll like each of the 100 shaves in every Easy Shaving Stick.

the answer's
EASY
SHAVING STICK
7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

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Had to get off crowded trams and buses

"My nerves have been very bad, and I dreaded every night coming, as I simply couldn't sleep, and after tossing through the night got up every morning feeling depressed. I several times had to get off crowded trams and buses. My husband advised me to give Phosferine a trial, and after taking two 3/3d sizes I am a different person, and feel life is really worth while living."

(Signed) Mrs. A. M., Bradford.

Phosferine has averted many a threatened breakdown by its marvellous action in promoting refreshing sleep and its general tonic effect. When you feel you are losing grip you will find Phosferine a dependable stand-by.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

DEPENDABLE *and safe*

Lixen is vegetable in composition and entirely devoid of unpleasant after-effects. Its natural action in promoting regularity of the system is produced by an extract of senna pods made gentle and palatable by a special process which removes harshness.

LIXEN **ELIXIR** in bottles 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN **LOZENGES** fruit flavoured in bottles 1/8

Purchase Tax Included

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
The Good-Natured Laxative

HELP SKIN TROUBLE HEAL QUICKLY

In Germolene antiseptic and soothing ingredients are blended with a substance very closely resembling the natural oil of healthy skin. This enables Germolene to sink in through the top skin into the "true" living skin below. Such easy penetration is of great value. The antiseptics in Germolene attack skin germs not only on the surface but also down in the sweat pores and hair follicles—where spots, pimples, rashes and boils begin. The soothing effect of Germolene on nerve endings in the true skin means relief from irritation—removing all temptation to scratch. This naturally permits much quicker healing. Germolene works like a charm where there is burning, smarting or inflammation. The ease and comfort which it means to bad leg sufferers is well known. Even a small cut may fester if left unprotected. Your protection is Germolene, to keep it clean. A clean place will heal quickly. Get some Germolene today—in the wartime tins—1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

FOR ALL EVERYDAY SKIN TROUBLES USE *GERMOLENE* IN THE HOME ECZEMA, LEG TROUBLES, RASHES, CUTS,

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

FOOD FACTS *about* MILK

Bottles are still a big problem, and everyone can help to keep the milk supply going by rinsing and putting out milk bottles immediately they are empty. Your milkman has been asked to collect any milk bottles offered to him, even if they do not belong to his dairy, but remember he can only carry back a certain number each day. If you fetch your milk yourself, always take the empties back when you buy each fresh supply.

Household Milk is back

From October 14th you can get a tin of Household Milk on each Ration Book, every 8 weeks. It's fresh milk, with only the fat and water removed, and has the same "builder" and calcium as liquid fresh milk. Though unsuitable for babies (because they need fat in their milk) Household Milk should be given to children from 18 months, as well as their fresh milk.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSEHOLD MILK. When needed for use, open the tin with tin opener. Cut round ¾ of the way only, and use the top as a lid. Keep in a cool, dry place, with the top pressed down, away from strong smelling foods. After opening, the milk will keep from 2 to 3 months, if kept as advised. *Note the new kind of tin.*

Priority Milk for Mothers & Babies

All holders of the green Ration Book (R.B.2) are allowed 7 pints of milk weekly, free, or at 2d. per pint, according to the household income. The mother of a baby under 12 months may also have an additional 7 pints of liquid milk weekly at full retail price, on her own Ration Book.

These Bottles are wanted too! A note to Mothers

Not *only* milk bottles are precious, so please be sure to take back the empty bottles each time you call for your child's Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil. Bottle shortage makes it difficult to distribute full supplies of these valuable Welfare Foods. Every "under-five" needs both Orange Juice *and* Cod Liver Oil, every single day, so please help by bringing back the "empties" regularly.

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